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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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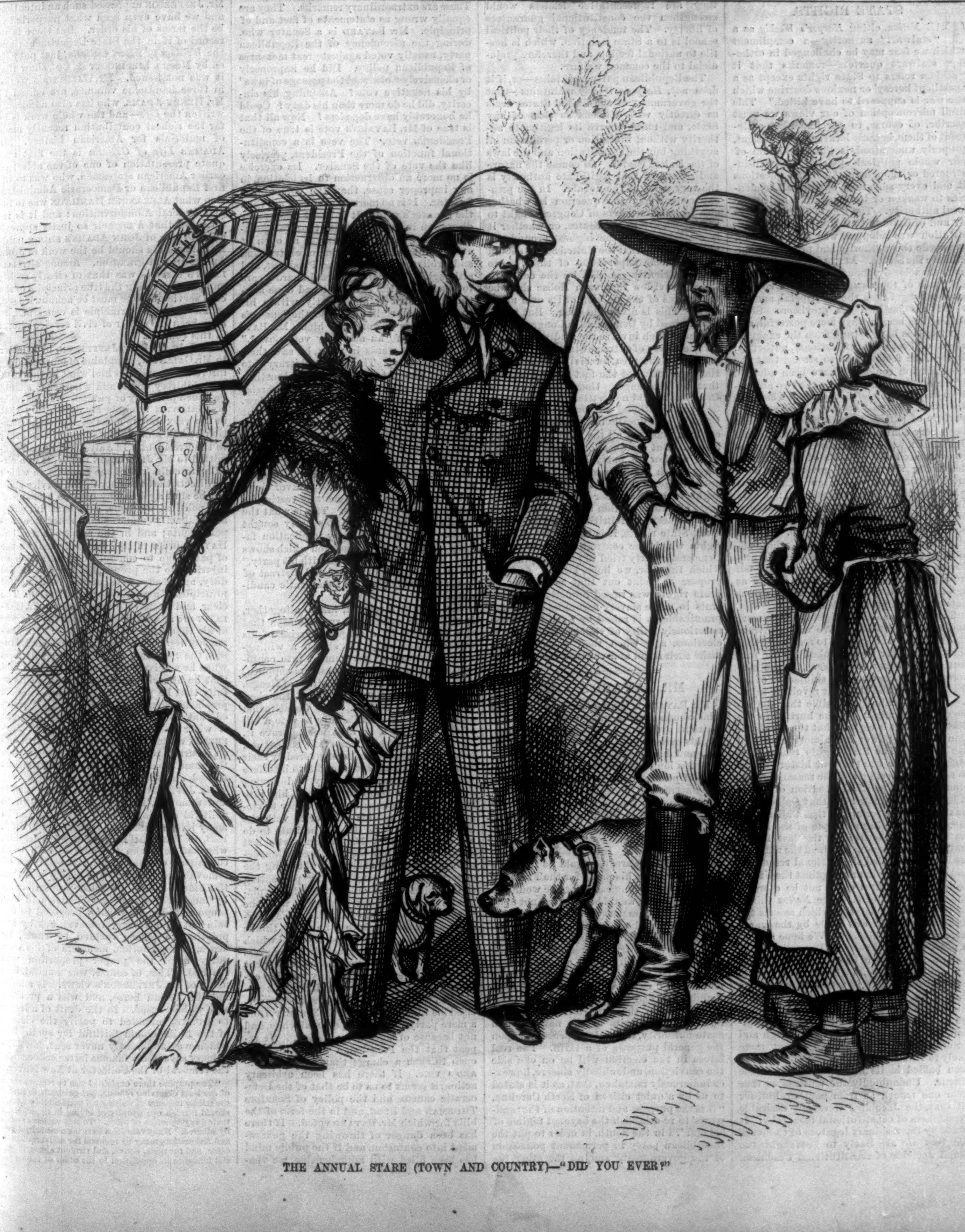

THE ANNUAL STARE (TOWN AND COUNTRY)—"DID YOU EVER?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 9, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very interesting story by* Justin McCarthy, *entitled* "Mattie of Greysparkle," *with a page of spirited illustrations.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

STATE RIGHTS.

The *Nation*, citing *Harper's Weekly* as a "stalwart" authority—a compliment which we fear may be challenged in orthodox stalwart quarters—remarks that it "seldom refers to State rights except as a 'pestilent heresy' or noxious doctrine which the war is supposed to have killed." This droll misconception of our views we must ascribe, of course, to our imperfect statement of them, because local self-government, properly understood, is the foundation of our whole political system. No well-instructed or thoughtful American questions it, and every such man opposes all tendencies to weaken or to disregard a legitimate local authority. The fear of Patrick Henry and of George Clinton, when the Constitution was adopted, was that it would supersede this authority and practically annihilate the States. Alexander Hamilton, more sagaciously, thought that the centrifugal force of the new Union would be very much stronger than the centripetal, and the event has justified his prevision. State feeling has been always more powerful, and our troubles have sprung from the exaggeration of State, not of national, authority. Indeed, the feeling was so strong that the Constitution could not have been adopted if the dividing line between the two authorities had not been left indistinct. That line, therefore, naturally became the point of departure of parties, and its uncertainty has been very convenient for all sides. When Jefferson was seeking power, he immensely overstated the doctrine of State rights, describing the national government as a mere department of foreign affairs. But when he had gained ascendency, not only did he deliberately stretch the national power to the most unconstitutional extent, but he confessed that he did so. On the other hand, when the Federalists, whose administration had aroused Jefferson's professed apprehensions of "monarchy," fell from power, they invoked State rights as against what they denounced as the odious national assumptions of Madison.

The assertion of State rights became more and more threatening. We will not trace its progress. It is enough to remember that they have never been invoked for the protection of liberty or justice. On the contrary, the cry has been the shibboleth of the foulest wrong and the most revolting injustice. It is, doubtless, possible that the national power might become hurtful to the States. But it is certain that the exaggeration of State power has almost destroyed the nation. The State-rights tendency is plainly not the one that our history shows to need re-enforcing, and the reasons are obvious. In the political situation of to-day it is enough to remember that Calhounism was its extreme form, and that Calhounism became the moving principle of the Democratic party. Controlling the last Democratic Administration, it ruined the national credit and crippled the national resources, and as States rose in arms against the Union, declared that States could not be coerced, and the war followed. The *Nation* thinks that the extreme doctrine which asserts the right of secession was made by the war a mere foolish speculation. We hope so. It is possible, also, that some Republicans exaggerate the scope of the national authority. We are not aware, however, that we are among them. But it seems to us a very plain duty to warn those who will heed, that Democratic teachings upon this subject are to be received with the utmost suspicion, and that a party tainted through and through with false doctrine is not more likely to teach the true faith because it has been baffled in its attempt to enforce the untrue. Undoubtedly the truth is as true from one mouth as from another, but, for all that, the Jacobites were not desirable expounders of constitutional monarchy. It is not by the residuary legatees of Calhounism that we are likely to be taught the sound doctrine of constitutional Unionism. When the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention declares that the country is menaced by the Republican assertion that the national Administration may keep on foot a standing army to invade the States for political purposes without regard to constitutional restriction, every honorable Republican, knowing that no such assertion has been made, but on the contrary that it has been expressly disclaimed by the Republican Executive, remembers with profound contempt that the Pennsylvania Democracy, with uncomplaining composure, saw the Union attacked by armies of the States, and for all the opposition offered by that Democracy, the States might have destroyed the Union and welcome. We do not think that Senator Hill or Mr. Alexander H. Stephens wishes to renew the struggle for the Confederacy, nor to re-establish slavery. But we regard their views of the nature of this government as essentially wrong, and we do not believe that a party of which they are representative leaders would strengthen the constitutional guarantees of liberty. The tendency of their political school is to a State isolation, which is hostile to national feeling, and therefore prejudicial to the common welfare.

The Republican party maintains—or, if it does not, *Harper's Weekly* maintains—that the government of the United States deals as directly with citizens as that of any State, and must enforce its legitimate authority without invitation or permission of anything but the Constitution and the laws of the United States. Of course the nature and extent of that legitimate authority is the very point of the debate. In the present controversy the question is whether elections for members of Congress ought to be left wholly to the States, or whether it is desirable, upon the highest grounds of public welfare, that the United States should exercise some supervision of them. Are they sufficiently guarded by the constitutional provision that each House shall be the judges of the election of its own members? This is a fair question. But it has been argued by Democrats in Congress upon grounds which involve the traditional Democratic heresy of extreme State rights which was made the plea for civil war, and it is those grounds, not the fact of the question, that we challenge. Undoubtedly, as the Constitution did not settle the line between State and national authority, it must continue to be a question for discussion. Every man must get all the light upon it that he can. But the question is now discussed with a view to party ascendency, and a party which has been so truculently wrong upon the general subject as the Democratic ought to have as poor a standing in the court of public opinion as British Jingoism upon a question of British "interests." It is not State rights, it is the theory of State rights which the controlling power of the Democratic party tried to put into practice, which the war, we hope, killed. And we propose to point out that as the cry of State rights was raised formerly by Democrats to make slavery secure and secession practicable, it is raised by them now when notoriously guilty of violence and fraud at elections, and when their success would make such fraud and violence easier.

MR. BAYARD'S VIEW.

Mr. Bayard is the conspicuous Democrat who commands the most respect from his political opponents. His personal character, his evident political sincerity and courage, and his uniform courtesy in debate, with his long experience and large knowledge of public affairs, make him an exceedingly attractive figure, and commend whatever he says to the consideration of intelligent men. He is withal a warm partisan. He holds strictly to what are called Jeffersonian principles, and to the "old-fashioned" Democratic views. If he lived in New York instead of Delaware, he would be probably the candidate of his party for the Presidency, and a very strong candidate he would be. But we think he would be defeated, not upon personal but upon party grounds, because of the natural and profound distrust of the party to which he belongs, and the feeling that he is not a true representative of its real spirit and drift. The contest of 1880 will not be one of political principle so much as of national feeling. Intelligent Republicans and Democrats do not radically differ upon the financial question, nor upon the just limits of the national and State authority, nor, indeed, probably, upon the general purposes of a tariff. The real forces in the election will be on one side the conviction, undoubtedly sincere, however ludicrously mistaken, that, as it is stated to us by a quiet citizen of North Carolina, "it is the purpose and intention of the 'stalwarts' to re-establish the bayonet régime of '68 and '76 in the South, in order to put the Republican party in permanent possession of the government," and, on the other, the equally fixed conviction that Democratic success, under whatever name or candidate, would be somehow the virtual triumph of the rebellion over the loyal Union sentiment.

It is this profound distrust, foolishly fostered by the Democrats in the extra session, which will probably defeat any Democratic candidate in an honest election. Mr. Bayard's parting remarks, as he sailed for Europe, certainly did not tend to remove this distrust. In an interview with a reporter he repeated in moderate and courteous phrase the assertion of the most reckless Democratic organs. He said, speaking of the President:

> "But one thing he has succeeded in, and that is to show that he has the will and power to obstruct the passage of laws by an arbitrary veto power based upon party discretion, and thus throw the government into confusion, and fill the public mind with apprehensions by preventing Congressional supplies."

And he also spoke of the President as making himself a third House of Congress. These are extraordinary remarks. They are equally wrong as statements of fact and of principle. Mr. Bayard is a Senator who, during the ascendency of the Republican party, usually voted against great measures of Republican policy. Did he improperly or offensively "obstruct the passage of laws" by his negative vote? Assuming his sincerity, did he do more than his duty? Could he honorably have done less? Now all that is true of Mr. Bayard's vote is true of the President's veto. The veto is a constitutional function of the President, precisely like the vote of the Senator. Its exercise is no more an obstruction to legislation, in any improper sense, than the vote of the Senator. It is no more an arbitrary act than the Senator's vote. It is based upon party discretion in no other sense than the Senator's vote. Senator Bayard is as open at every point to the accusation of obstruction and arbitrary action as the President, and although he intimates, he would hardly care to assert, that the President had done anything not strictly and clearly within his constitutional right; and if so, the Senator's insinuation is unworthy of him. Mr. Bayard speaks of "an arbitrary veto power." If he saw his words in print, he saw their gross inaccuracy. There is no arbitrary veto power. The veto is an express constitutional power. The method of its exercise is carefully defined in the fundamental law. Would Mr. Bayard say that the President has departed in the least point from that method? Or, since the veto can never be invoked until laws have passed Congress, would he say that not to conform to the will of Congress is to obstruct the passage of laws? To do this would be to favor views subversive of the government by vesting its entire power in Congress. This is what the "stalwarts" of Mr. Bayard's party sought to do. This is what he by implication favors. And it is this disposition which shows that Mr. Bayard would "go with his party," and which arouses the national distrust of him, as of every possible Democratic candidate.

Mr. Bayard's remark, taken altogether, is still more extraordinary. He says that the President by a simple exercise of his constitutional duty has shown a willingness to throw the government into confusion, and to prevent Congressional supplies! This is a mere echo of the doctrine of Messrs. Thurman's and Beck's threat at the close of the regular session. The Constitution makes it the President's duty to veto a bill of the majority if he does not approve it. Mr. Bayard and his Democratic colleagues, being the majority, had endeavored by their votes, as the President thought, to interfere with his constitutional duty, and having done so, they attempted to coerce him into compliance by compelling him either to violate his oath and his duty or to veto the appropriations. He did not hesitate to do his duty, and now Mr. Bayard, who had helped to place him under this coercion, denounces his act as arbitrarily throwing the government into confusion by preventing the supplies! The only intelligible explanation of this remark, consistent with the view which we hold of Mr. Bayard's character and capacity, is that he really thinks the President ought not to veto a bill which Congress has passed, especially if Congress has made the appropriations contingent upon his surrender. The only possible explanation of the word "arbitrary" as applied to the veto is that the President exercised his undoubted power dishonestly, from a mere party purpose or personal whim, and not because of sincere conviction. We repeat that the President's veto is no more open to such a charge than Senator Bayard's vote. If there has been arbitrary action, it seems to us to be that of the Democratic caucus, and the policy of Senators Thurman and Beck, and in the form of the bills for which Mr. Bayard voted. If there has been danger of throwing the government into confusion, and if the public mind has been filled with apprehension, we venture to say that such results are due, not to the vetoes of the President, but to the votes of Mr. Bayard and his party friends. And if there be danger of collision between the national Executive and Legislature, it is one which inheres in the Constitution, and one for which any Congress would be responsible which, because it could not repeal a law constitutionally, should attempt its repeal through coercion of the Executive, by presenting him such an alternative as Mr. Bayard and his friends offered to the President.

JEFFERSON, GALLATIN, AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

It has been asserted that President Jefferson issued an executive order like that written by Mr. Webster at the request of President Harrison, and that of President Hayes prohibiting the interference of office-holders with elections. More than once Mr. Jefferson expressed such an intention, and we have even seen what purported to be the terms of his order. But there is no record of it in the State Department; and the *Writings of Albert Gallatin*, just published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., show that it was not issued. Mr. Gallatin's works, in three handsome volumes, are edited by Mr. Henry Adams, who has also admirably written the *Life*—and the whole work is by far the richest contribution recently made of materials for American history. Mr. Adams's *Life of Gallatin* is the first adequate presentation of one of the ablest of earlier American statesmen, who was to the first Republican or Democratic Administration what Alexander Hamilton was to the first Federal Administration: and it is interesting that a memoir so justly appreciative of one of John Adams's strong political opponents should be the work of John Adams's great-grandson. Among Mr. Gallatin's services was that of clearly seeing and plainly stating the true principles of the civil service, and he must be acknowledged, so far as sound principle is concerned, to have been the father of civil service reform in this country.

In July, 1804, Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Mr. Gallatin, complains of office-holding interference, and asks him what he thinks of a prohibitory order, and whether it should be issued privately or publicly. In his reply Mr. Gallatin reminds Mr. Jefferson that in the very first months of his administration he had himself proposed such an order to the President. In July, 1801, he had submitted to Mr. Jefferson the draft of a circular to collectors of the customs, in which he directs that the door of the service shall not be shut against any man on account of his political opinions, and that integrity and capacity alone shall determine appointments; and in the spirit of President Hayes's order of 1877 he condemns the use of patronage to control political action as injurious to the proper discharge of official duty, and destructive of the fundamental principles of a republican Constitution. The clear and decisive expressions of Mr. Gallatin are admirable, and show the ripeness of his thought upon the subject. Mr. Jefferson replied the next day that Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, was with him when he received and read the circular, and that he himself approved its sentiments so fully that he proposed very soon to issue a proclamation upon the subject. But he added that both he and Mr. Madison thought it wiser to wait a little. President Jefferson waited, but Secretary Gallatin often recurred to the topic, and always with the same clear conviction. The President waited, and the order never appeared.

Mr. Jefferson's theory of appointments and removals, however, is well known to political students. It is stated by him in many letters, and most elaborately in July, 1803, to William Duane, of Philadelphia, who had sent him the address of a ward committee of that city on the subject of removals from office. The theory was that the offices should be filled proportionally by members of the two parties, and this proportion Mr. Jefferson proposed to obtain not by arbitrary removal, but by appointing to places vacated by cause, by death, or resignation, members of his own party until the proper proportion was reached. This, of course, was fanciful, like many of Mr. Jefferson's views. It admitted the Trojan horse, and was a practice sure to be abused. In the draft of a letter to Duane, intended to pacify the clamor of the Philadelphia faithful for spoils, but which was apparently never sent, Mr. Jefferson says of his famous letter concerning the removal of the Collector at New Haven:

> "The purpose there explained was to remove some of the least deserving officers, but generally to prefer the milder measure of waiting till accidental vacancies should furnish opportunity of giving to Republicans their due proportion of office. To this we have steadfly adhered. Many vacancies have been made by death and resignation, many by removal for malversation in office, and for open, active, and virulent abuse of official influence in opposition to the order of things es-

> tablished by the will of the nation. [We respectfully invite the attention of all Northern and Southern "Confederates" to that last word.] Such removals continue to be made on sufficient proof; the places have been steadily filled with Republican characters, until of 316 offices in all the United States subject to appointment and removal by me, 130 only are held by Federalists. I do not include in this estimate the judiciary and military, because not removable but by established process; nor the officers of the internal revenue, because discontinued by law; nor postmasters, or any others not named by me. And this has been effected in little more than two years by means so moderate and just as can not fail to be approved in future."

This moderation undoubtedly had an ulterior political purpose—that of conciliating and dissolving the Federalists by not making "a clean sweep." But all of Mr. Jefferson's correspondence upon the subject is instructive, because it shows, among many significant things, these two: that our first great and successful party leader held that the civil service should not be the spoils of the dominant party; and that the spoils system is not necessary to party success. He also held that it was doubtful whether he ought to listen to the advice of members of Congress in regard to appointments, because the Constitution plainly intended to leave that subject to the Executive and Senate. Indeed, many of the wishes and intentions and convictions of the ablest and most sagacious of our political thinkers and leaders in regard to the civil service have been quietly put into practice by President Hayes. It is the purity, the ability, the patriotic fidelity, and the unostentatious efficiency of his administration which is the most powerful claim of the Republican party to the confidence of the country and to continued power.

A FREE CIRCULATING PUBLIC LIBRARY.

There are noble consulting libraries in New York, and it is impossible in the Astor and Lenox collections not to be grateful to the men who, in providing for the free public use of such treasures, have done so signal a service to the community. But a great free circulating library is yet wanting in New York, and the subject is worth the consideration of rich New-Yorkers who intend to give some good gift to the city.

The Boston Public Library is a model of such an institution. But in its foundation it had not only the advantage of the munificent gifts of Mr. Bates, but the unique benefit of Mr. Ticknor's immense knowledge of books in all languages and of his devoted zeal. For some years the library was his chief interest. He went to Europe on its behalf, and laid its foundation in an ample collection of the best works, the works essential to sound scholarship, carefully selected by himself, and by his will he left to the library his own collection of Spanish and Portuguese books and manuscripts. It was said that no single library in Spain contained all the works that were in Mr. Ticknor's collection; and he added to it a fund, of which the income was to be spent, under certain conditions, for Spanish and Portuguese books of permanent value and authority. The collection numbered nearly four thousand volumes, which, with that of the general library and the pamphlets, make nearly ten thousand titles. A catalogue of these works has just been issued in the handsomest form by the library. It was prepared by Mr. James Lyman Whitney, the head of the catalogue department, and is one of the most elaborate and admirable works of its kind—a volume of 476 pages, and the most important work published by the library.

The annual report of the library for the last year has been just presented to the Common Council, and it is full of interesting facts and figures. The total number of volumes is 360,963. These are divided between the consulting and the circulating libraries; and besides the central collection in Boston, there are eight branches in neighboring towns which are really within the city. These libraries were open to the public 308 days during the year, and although the conditions of use of the books are very reasonable, so as to exclude no one who really wishes to use them, the loss of books is insignificant. There is but one volume lost for every 11,805 circulated. The central collection lost but eighty-seven volumes during the year, and four of the branches, with an aggregate circulation of 260,405, lost none. From the beginning of the library and its branches the circulation has been 10,483,431, and the loss, including wear and tear, and condemnation of used books, has been but one volume to each 366 circulated in twenty-one years' use of the central library, and a shorter one of the branches. The sale of catalogues, with fines, during these years, has brought into the city treasury the sum of $26,695 61, which would have made good the losses. Like Mudie in London, the library buys a large number of current and intrinsically valuable works like Di Cesnola's *Cyprus*, and one of the trustees, at his own expense, is trying the experiment of the circulation of large numbers of periodicals, and thus far with marked success. The Boston report is so striking and satisfactory that we can not but again earnestly commend it to the intending New York benefactor.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION.

The objection of the Paris *Siècle* to the official English lamentation over the Prince Imperial seems to us to be well taken. There is no French Empire, and how could there be a French Prince Imperial? Would Jerome be received as Emperor if he came to England? Yet he is as truly Emperor as the son of Louis Napoleon was Prince Imperial. There are two other families beside the Bonaparte family which have furnished rulers to France—the older and the younger Bourbons. If Jerome Bonaparte be Emperor of the French, the Count of Chambord is King of France, and the Count of Paris King of the French. Now if the Count of Chambord had a son who should die in exile in England, would members of the Government officially attend his funeral? Or would the Count of Paris, dying in England, be officially mourned as King of the French? How would England be pleased if some scion of the Stuarts, dying in Africa while accompanying the French army, should be honored by France as England has honored the young Frenchman?

Nothing is finer in English history than the equal hospitality with which England has received the flying monarchs of other countries. She has nobly given them shelter and protection. But she has no right to go further. It is a just offense to the susceptibilities of a friendly country that England should especially honor a ruler whom the friendly country has discarded. If Louis Napoleon were living, he would be what his cousin Jerome now is—a pretender, more or less dangerous to the peace of France, as the old English Pretender and his son were dangerous to the peace of England. To England he could have been only one of two personages—the rightful sovereign of France, or a private French citizen. He could have held in England no other position. Now members of the British Government, as such, do not attend the funerals of private French citizens dying in England. And if, as members of the Government, they officially honor those who assume to be sovereigns, they do substantially recognize their assumption. M. Louis Blanc, for instance, who was a conspicuous member of the republican Government of France in 1848, lived for many years in England during the ascendency of Louis Napoleon. If Louis Blanc had died in England, could English ministers have officially attended his funeral in a cortége of French Red Republicans without mortally offending Louis Napoleon?

The young Bonaparte who was killed by the Zulus was either the rightful sovereign of France, or he was a private Frenchman. But the official presence of English ministers and of members of the British royal family at his funeral is the precise sign of respect which would have been offered if he had been acknowledged to be the French Emperor. The *Siècle* very properly objects; and the flaneur of the Boulevard, as he drops lumps of sugar in his glass of water at the café, will wrathfully muse upon the perfidy of Albion.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the *Tribune*, has delivered an address before the editorial associations of New York and Ohio, which has attracted a great deal of attention from the press. It has now been published by Henry Holt & Co., and it is the work of a master of his craft. The title is, "Some Newspaper Tendencies," and the address is a close commentary upon that text. There are interesting details of comparative expense in the publication of papers, and a very just estimate of the duties of the press toward the public and toward itself. No one but an editor of experience can talk usefully of his calling to fellow-editors, and for no one is it so difficult to speak frankly, because he will be instantly tried by his own standard. Mr. Reid at once and gracefully disposes of this objection. "I could very easily," he says, "be found wanting to my own ideal, but he carries furthest who aims at the stars."

The cheapest thing sold in America to-day, in proportion to the cost of its manufacture, is the daily newspaper; and Mr. Reid truly says that the public will not get it for *ante-bellum* prices until the public consents to return to the *ante-bellum* paper. Nor does he think that the variety of news will be larger hereafter, because it is as various as possible already. The range will not be greater, but it can be higher. The quantity also will be hardly greater. A newspaper is not a book nor a magazine: it is a summary of the news of the day, which the general reader may master without interference with his regular employment.

The great change which the address anticipates in the newspaper is the improved treatment of the news. If the paper sends a Stanley to Africa, it will send also a Macaulay to write his report. It will use colossal capital to accumulate news, and retain a staff of Greens and Froudes to tell it. Thiers called the newspaper the history of a day. Mr. Reid would have it written with all the charm of the history of yesterday. He laughs at the idea of "independence" in a newspaper as meaning want of conviction or party sympathy, and consisting in abusing all sides alike. This is well said. Neutrality is not independence, and it is hard to think of a patriotic citizen in a republic so destitute of conviction that all political parties and tendencies are equally indifferent to him. This, indeed, is a tempting text, upon which we must not enlarge. But not less for its sound practical advice to his fellow-craftsmen than for the pertinence and interest of its general view is this address notable. The orator speaks from a position which necessarily commands an attention that his words justify.

THE MILITIA.

In commenting, the other day, upon General Hawley's admirable address, "The Army in a Republic," which has been followed by his complete and exhaustive study upon Wayne's victory at Stony Point, we contrived to say that the Connecticut militia numbers more than ten thousand men, although General Hawley says distinctly that its number is something more than two thousand. It was a slip that we can not deeply regret, since it has brought us a note from a correspondent who is doubtless a son of Connecticut, and who gives us some interesting details.

The Connecticut National Guard is composed of one brigade of four infantry regiments and two sections of artillery, and the whole number of officers and men is about 2300. The excellent system of organization, however, makes this force as available as a much larger body less effectively officered and disciplined. Evidently a regiment of five or six hundred men, conscious of its strength, and accustomed to act promptly under a single commander, will be very much more effective against a riot or an invasion than the same number scattered into small battalions, and acting together for the first time. Where there is a single commander, also, there is no chance for personal jealousy and divided feeling among the men. The discipline and drill of the Connecticut militia are thorough and exacting. Biennial encampments are obligatory, and the troops are equipped almost as perfectly as regulars. The military progress during these encampments is extraordinary, and the whole Connecticut National Guard could be sent to the front at a day's notice.

This is a good report of the Nutmeg militia, and may they never meet a grater! Our correspondent adds his hope that the New York National Guard, which is so generally efficient, and which showed its alacrity during the railroad troubles two years ago, will learn from its Connecticut brethren to solidify its forces into a single division, divided into a few brigades, uniting its skeleton battalions into single regiments. A system of numbering the regiments would prevent confusion; and obligatory annual or biennial encampments, with provision of everything necessary to effective service in the field, would be of the utmost service. No free State can afford to be stingy toward its schools or its militia. That care is a State right and a State duty which no good American will question.

STATUES OF PUBLIC MEN.

To what living member of Congress is his constituency likely to pay the honor of erecting a statue? It must, indeed, be a very great service and a very remarkable man that is so commemorated. The only American that we recall to whom it was proposed to erect a statue in the midst of his career was Tweed, and we have a neat list of the names of the subscribers to the fund. Fortunately for some of them, the project was abandoned. John Jay still lacks a statue in the city of his birth; and a statue of Tweed would have been, indeed, "unspeakable." But in England a statue of Mr. C. P. Villiers, who has represented Wolverhampton for forty-five years, has just been erected in that city. Mr. Villiers was the first Parliamentary advocate of free trade, and was its steady supporter before the great days and the splendid triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League. It was a sincere and unselfish advocacy, and when Cobden and Bright received all the honors of the movement, Mr. Villiers, without a murmur, saw himself set aside. But forty-five years of steady and faithful service have shown his constituents the quality of the man, and they do not fear that it will change. The length of the term indicates a singular permanence of political conviction in the district, as well as remarkable character in the representative.

In this country we are wisely chary of statues. But we hope that before many years have passed there will be a statue of Garrison. His distinction in American history will be always unique, and a statue of him would be a monument of the greatest event in that history.

PERSONAL.

A few days ago, according to the Treasury officials, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, made in his own name the largest investment in bonds ever made at one time by one individual for private account in this country. His purchase consisted of $4,000,000 United States four per cent. bonds, each bond of the value of $50,000. They were bought, it is said, as an investment for the family.

—Mr. Jones, an American, superintending the great government sheep farm of Japan, who was seriously wounded by armed burglars last year, has been relieved from service with full salary for the remaining three years of his engagement, and an additional gratuity, it being found that his recovery was impossible if he continued his duties.

—Mr. Spurgeon is one of the most practical men and keenest of critics when he comes to speak of preaching. Not long since he said that sooner than listen to some of his reverend brethren he would have the gout, and to have gout was awful. He had the privilege once of hearing a reverend brother, he would not say how, when, or where; but he always considered he should be rewarded for it at the resurrection of the just. When he occupied the pulpit and saw two or three old ladies shaking their heads, he always preached to perfection; those who smiled and were pleased he thought were persons of great judgment.

—Mr. Coleman, who for twenty-five years has been city editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is off for Europe for the benefit of his health, Mr. Childs paying all the expenses. It is not the first time Mr. Childs has done that sort of thing. A year or two ago he sent his cashier abroad for six months—"go as you please"—and paid the entire expense of the trip.

—Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt, is not to be greatly commiserated at the pecuniary condition of his enforced retirement. He is to receive an annual allowance of $250,000. His sons Hassan and Hussein will get $100,000 per annum each, and his mother $150,000 a year, which will do very well, provided the powers that be do not get short and repudiate.

—Longfellow and Fields were making a short pedestrian tour a few years ago, when to their surprise an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently intending to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet, "it appears to be a disputed passage."

—Whistler, the American artist in London, who has had such wordy difficulty with Ruskin, is said to be a very witty man, and not unsatisfied with himself. "Do you see that bit there?" he asked one day of a visitor to his studio, indicating with a caressing gesture a spot of canvas he had just been painting. "That, Sir—*that*, by Jove! the man who could do that could do any thing!" with a humorous twinkle, half delighted with his success, half amused at his conceit in recognizing it.

—A new volume by Anna E. Dickinson will be published in a few days by the Harpers. It is entitled *A Ragged Register*, and contains the vivacious author's opinions on many people and places, expressed in the racy and piquant style which made her lectures so popular.

—Mr. Puleston, who is very pleasantly remembered in the financial region of Wall Street, participates occasionally in the debates in the House of Commons, and is listened to with attention. On the 2d of July an important discussion occurred in the House on a resolution in reference to higher education in Wales, in which Mr. Gladstone and other distinguished members took part. Judging from the report that appeared in the London papers of next day, one of the strongest, clearest, and best speeches on the subject was made by Mr. Puleston, himself a Welshman, and now the senior member from Devonport.

—Dean Stanley recently preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey to the drovers, from Genesis, i. 26, 27. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present.

—It is ascertained that the estate of the late Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, will yield an income of $200,000 a year to each of his three children.

—A sword of General Ethan Allen has been presented to the Kentucky Historical Society. It is dirk-edged, the hilt surmounted by a lion's head encircled by the British crown, and the whole work is English. The general's little historical work at Ticonderoga was one of the "cheeky" things of the Revolutionary war. On the morning of May 10, 1775, he surprised Captain Delplace, and commanded him to surrender, "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." By this *coup de main* two officers, forty-eight men, one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of small arms were captured, and the command of the Green Mountains was wrested from the English; yet Allen had but eighty men to make the capture.

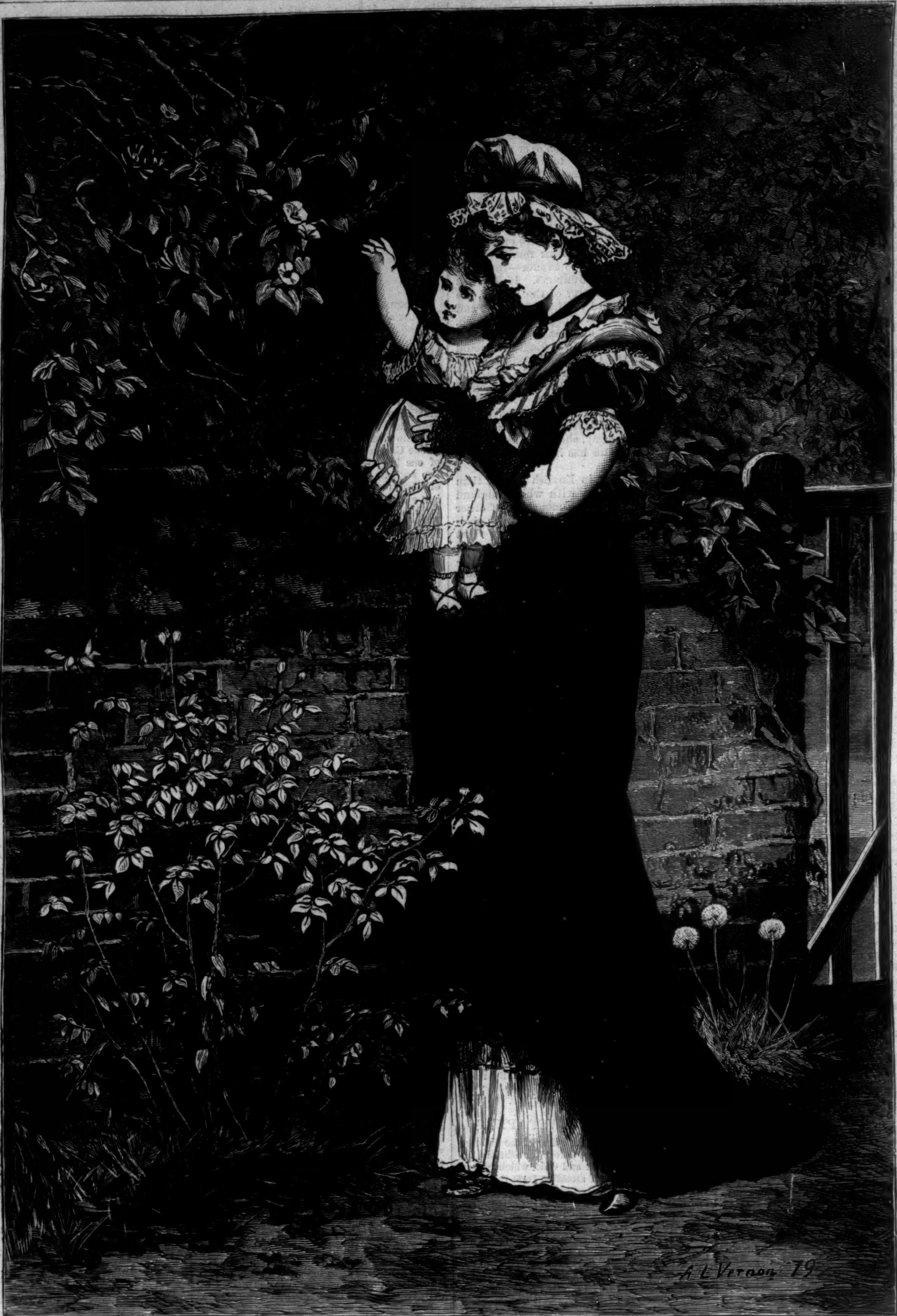
—Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the young daughters of the Prince of Wales, rarely appear in public in any but the simplest of dresses. They are sometimes seen with their mother at the theatre in plain white linen or cotton sailor dresses, with a little red trimming, and they are often met riding and driving in neat sailor dresses of dark blue woollen. They went with their father and mother to the recent French fair in gowns of plain pink cambric, with sashes of crimson harmonizing with the pink.

—One of the most successful scientific writers of the day is Dr. Henry White Warren, whose *Recreations in Astronomy*, published recently by the Harpers, went to a fourth edition within six weeks of its appearance.

—The University of Vienna, now six centuries old, has elected Professor Brück, a Protestant, "Rector Magnificus." He is the first Protestant who has held that office. The University has lately shown further religious liberality in electing two Hebrew gentlemen, Professors Grünhut and Hoffman, to the chairs of Law and Philosophy. A short time ago, it is said, a Hebrew could not as much as take a doctor's degree in any university.

—Mr. R. A. Proctor proposes to leave England on the 14th of October for America, to lecture here during the next season, travelling westward, and to reach San Francisco and Sacramento in May, 1880; then going to New Zealand and Australia, to lecture there during their winter season, and so return by the Cape to England in the autumn of 1880.

—The whole of the drawings, sketches, and etchings by George Cruikshank which were in his possession at the time of his death were sold recently in London. The collection numbered over 400 lots, and comprised the original illustrations to *Oliver Twist*, *Sketches by Boz*, Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, and *Jack Sheppard*, *The Comic Almanac*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Frank Fairleigh*, *The Ingoldsby Legends*, *Clement Lorimer*, *Arthur O'Leary*, *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, Grimm's *Popular German Stories*, and *The Drunkard's Children*, a large number of sketches in pen and pencil, the first oil sketch for the *Worship of Bacchus*, and a vast quantity of proof etchings.



"CHILDHOOD."—FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR L. VERNON.

(Continued from Supplement to No. 1179, p. 620.)

THE BAR-MAID AT BATTLETON.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOR HER SAKE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

A CRISIS.

Two months had gone by before Major Crawshaw entered the huge caravansary again. It was six in the evening when he commenced his dinner there; it was half past eight ere he had finished his last glass of claret, over which he had brooded in a strange, melancholic fashion. It was a quarter to nine when he took the liberty of proceeding to the counting-house, which Miss Daly was thinking of closing for the night as he appeared.

"Good-evening, Miss Daly. I trust you will excuse so late a visitor."

"Certainly, major."

They shook hands together, and then Ruth Daly asked if he had been in the country or abroad.

"Why should you think that?" he asked, almost peremptorily.

"I thought you dined here very frequently—at least I understood you to say so," remarked Miss Daly.

"I did say so. I used to dine here very frequently," said the major; "but I have altered my habits lately."

"Indeed."

"Besides," he added, with a suddenness which made Miss Daly jump, "I did not want to be a spy again upon you and my nephew. I—I thought if he chose to come here, and had made up his mind to come here, I had better keep away, and leave you to yourselves."

"That was very kind of you," said Miss Daly, quietly; "but his mamma and sisters would have been very much alarmed, and not at all obliged to you."

"I don't care," said the major, bluffly.

"Oh, but you did care once."

"I'm not afraid now of your making a fool of my nephew, or of my nephew's being able to make a fool of you," he said. "And it has struck me that if he were really in love with you, he could not have a more sensible wife, and the sooner you settled the matter the better, if it's coming round to that. There."

"Thank you," said Miss Daly.

"And if he *has* said any thing to you—he's infernally sly, and I can't make him out at all—I should like—"

"I have not spoken to Mr. Todd. That gentleman does not know I am at the International," interrupted Miss Daly.

"Not yet!" exclaimed the major. "And you don't want him to know, perhaps?"

"I should leave at once if he knew I was here, and if he became as foolish a fellow as he was at the Junction," replied Miss Daly, firmly.

"I thought of telling him you were here. I—"

"If you do, I will never speak to you again!" cried Miss Daly.

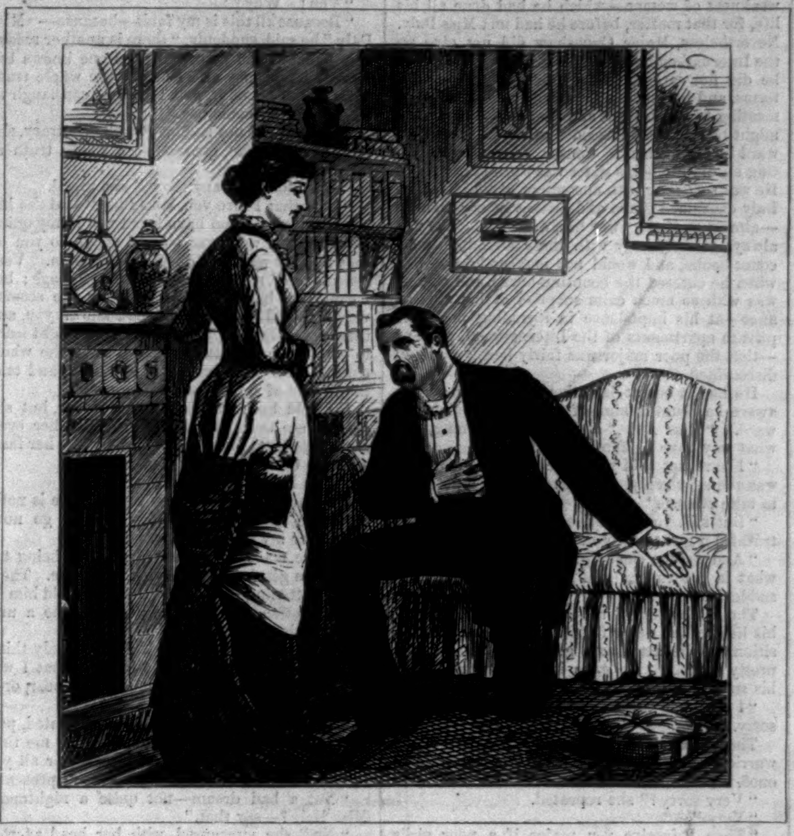
The major looked astonished; but he took her hand, promised not to tell young Todd, hoped he had not offended her, and went his way.

He came very regularly to the International after this; he altered his habits again. He was evidently a man not very long of one mind, thought Miss Daly. The Old Cronies' Club, Pall Mall, saw very little of him once more. Its peace and rest, its capacious arm-chairs in the smoke-room, its snug dining-room, where the viands were to his taste, and the waiters not hungry for fees, were all deserted for the stir and bustle of the flash establishment at Lambeth Bridge, and the mixed assembly which poured into its mammoth dining-room every evening at six, and talked and laughed loudly, and took too much wine at dinner now and then, and went out red-faced and staring into the streets.

The major did not speak to Miss Daly on every occasion that he patronized the International; on the contrary, he kept his distance to an inordinate extent, and was content with a good-evening once a week. He knew she was in the counting-house—safe in the counting-house—and that no young Todd was hanging about the doors, and that was enough for him and his purpose. For his purpose, thought Miss Daly, a little indignantly, now and then, was to keep his eye upon her, to suspect her; his mission in life was to keep guard on his nephew and herself, despite all that she had said. As if she were not to be believed and trusted; as if he had any right to watch her in this odd, meaningless fashion; as if it answered any good purpose, or would have been of any use, had she been disposed to assert her rights, and elude his old-fashioned vigilance.

And yet he was not a spy, and scarcely acted like one. He had expressed his horror of playing the spy even, and seemed an earnest, thoughtful, grave gentleman at most times. She wondered why he came so often to the International, for she was sure he did not like the hotel, and she could not understand why he put himself out of the way so frequently to exchange a few words with Mr. Freshwater, she being also sure that he did not like Mr. Freshwater, whose manners were obtrusive and "loud," and whose head had been not a little turned by the success of his mammoth establishment. He must come to make sure his nephew was not hovering about still, otherwise there seemed to be no valid reason why he should take so much pains to render himself uncomfortable.

One day he came to the hotel before eleven in the morning, dressed in a new surtout coat, with a flower in his button-hole, and a hat so glossy that he might have shaved himself in it. He had a sherry and bitters at a side bar, and then marched to the counting-house, "as if the place belonged to him," said the head waiter to a subordinate.



THE MAJOR'S PROPOSAL.

"Do you know what to-day is, Miss Daly?" he inquired.

"Tuesday, is it not?"

"Tut! tut! I mean what auspicious day?"

"N-no," said Miss Daly. Then she looked at his new coat and shiny hat, and thought he was going to be married, and had called at the hotel for some Dutch courage, *en route*. She felt sorry he was "caught," and sure in her heart that it was by a designing widow with money in the funds, and some half a dozen grown-up sons and daughters by way of family encumbrances.

"I am going to a wedding."

"Indeed."

"My nephew's wedding. Mr. Todd enters the holy state this morning. I am his best man."

He watched her very closely with his clear gray eyes fixed and unblinking, and Ruth Daly objected to his stare, and felt herself reddening beneath his gaze.

"This is a surprise," she remarked.

"Yes. He's married this morning," he said, in a tone almost too triumphant to please Miss Daly. It seemed to say, "I have won the game; you are out of the reckoning at last, and there's an end of it and you."

"I hope he has made a wise choice," said she.

"I think so. She is not a chit of a girl, but a woman of mind, who will look after him and the money she brings him."

"You are satisfied?"

"Perfectly satisfied."

"That is all right, then," she murmured, in so dry a tone that he looked at her very sharply.

"I suppose you think that when I am satisfied everybody ought to be, Miss Daly?" he said; "or, rather, you think that *I* think so?"

Miss Daly laughed.

"I can not say I have considered the matter very deeply," she replied; "on the contrary, my thoughts have been wandering somewhat strangely."

"In what direction, may I ask?"

"In yours."

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, eagerly, "what do you mean? Did you say in mine?"

"When you asked me what auspicious day this was, I thought you were going to your own wedding," she said.

The major stared harder than ever, and his lower jaw dropped on to his satin stock. He took his new hat off, and brushed it the wrong way with his coat sleeve, and then put it carefully on again.

"God bless my soul! what an extraordinary thought!" he said.

"Not very extraordinary, surely."

"That any one should think—that *you* should think—I was going to be married this morning! Dear me! I wish you were not troubled with such silly ideas, Miss Daly."

"Silly!"

"I would have preferred your thinking I was going to be hanged," he said, techily, as he walked away in great haste.

"Cross old bachelor!" said Miss Daly, with a pout, as she turned to her books; "it is as well, for the lady's sake, that you are not going to be married, Major Crawshaw."

And certainly Major Crawshaw was not particularly amiable on his nephew's wedding day. He scowled at the ministers—there were three divines to tie up young Todd and his bride securely; he prompted young Todd in his responses in an unnecessarily high key; he swore profanely at the beadle on the church steps for getting in his way and tumbling over him, in undue haste to participate in the general distribution of fees; and at the wedding breakfast he was graver and grimmer than befitted the occasion. He was very thoughtful, also, and made but a clumsy, spluttering speech in return for some one proposing the bridegroom's relatives, and sat down disturbed in temper afterward at his own miserable failure.

"I was never so embarrassed in my life—never, Maria," he said to his sister, who was at his side, in purple velvet. "That fellow ought to have been shot for lugging in such a toast. Ridiculous!"

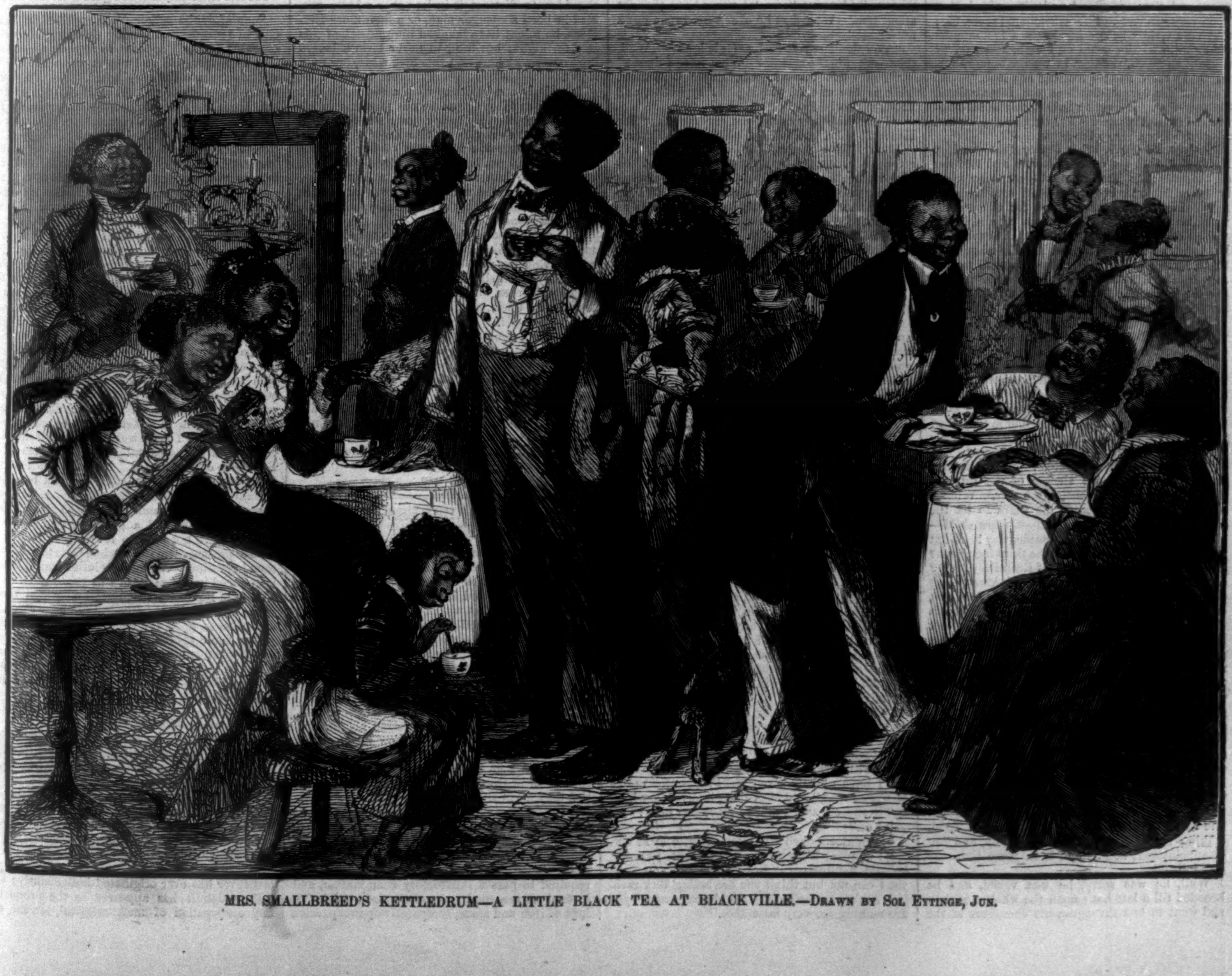
"I don't think you are quite well this morning," remarked Dowager Mrs. Todd.

"I was never so well in my life."

"You seem a little out of sorts to me."

"I don't know what you mean," growled the major; "but I'm in sorts—heaps of them."

"Ah! well, we have you to thank for all this



MRS. SMALLBREED'S KETTLEDRUM—A LITTLE BLACK TEA AT BLACKVILLE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

happiness," said his sister, in a low tone, "for if it had not been for your coming down to Battleton, and taking Edwin to town with you, who could tell what might have happened?"

The major coughed in his throat, but made no reply.

"Poor Edwin would have been snapped up by that dreadful bar-maid, you may depend upon it. She was more than a match for my dear boy. She meant to have run away with him."

"She never meant anything of the sort."

"John, how do you know?" exclaimed his sister; "how can you tell?"

"She was worth half a dozen of your cub," he cried. "She would not have looked at him—she would not have had him for twenty times his money. There is nothing like design about Miss Daly."

"I can not understand how you—" began his sister, when he snapped off her conjecture half way.

"Nobody says you do understand; don't try," he cried. "Miss Daly is a lady, and a friend of mine, and I'm not going to sit here and hear her abused. It is not likely."

"A friend of *yours*, John! did you say a friend?"

"Yes, I did say a friend."

"Bless me! you know her, then. I—I hope she is not setting her cap at you instead of my boy, for she must be a really dangerous person."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"But you are a man of the world, and not likely, at your age, to be led away easily."

"Never mind about my age, Sarah. What the devil has my age to do with it?" he said, in the same suppressed and husky key. "There are old fools as well as young ones, I suppose."

"But you're not an old fool," replied his sister, dryly.

"Yes, I am. I'm an old fool to think that—Will you oblige me, sister, by dropping this ridiculous conversation, and asking Mr. Pepps to pass the Champagne? Thank you."

"What are you going to do?"

"Propose the health of old fools in general," he answered, curtly; and then he rose, and gave the health of the clergy and the officiating ministers—which was very remarkable.

Yes, he was in a bad temper that morning, and his sister's allusion to his age had not tended to improve it. He could not forget *that* remark; people over the boundary line will take allusions to their years with a spasm. It's the one rule without an exception.

"I was asked this morning if this was my wedding day," he said, later on, to his sister, when the guests were departing; "so I could not have looked so deuced old, Sarah."

"Far too old to be thinking of your own wedding day now, John, I should think," replied Mrs. Todd, who would have been extremely sorry for her brother's marriage, and all the legacies floating away from her and her children.

"Much you know about that."

They were the major's last words that afternoon, and they oppressed and discomfited Mrs. Todd very seriously. She remembered them, too; they rose vividly before her again a few months afterward, and she could only sigh, and say, "I thought as much," adding, in moments more bitter, that "there was no trusting any man."

Major Crawshaw dined at the International that evening. He went straight to the International, in fact, despite his bad temper and his bad appetite after a heavy luncheon.

He saw Miss Daly after dinner that evening. He strolled into the counting-house, and told her all the news; but she did not appear to be greatly interested, and even answered sometimes in monosyllables when he waited for the answer which he thought his observations required.

Miss Daly was out of "sorts" that evening, as his sister would have termed it. He missed the bright, frank smile which was so natural to her, and the steadfast look from the eyes was no longer for him. She hardly glanced up once from her ledgers.

The distant manner of Miss Daly troubled the major more than he could account for. It was evident that in some way or other he had given her offense, unless—and this was the horrid thought which damped and disheartened him—she was grieving that young Todd was forever set apart from her. Had she disguised her emotions so completely as to deceive him in this way? Was it possible that he had been so grievously mistaken in his estimate of her character?

He went away disconsolately. Twice that day had he gone from the shelter of the International with a heart exceedingly heavy. What a trouble and a nuisance at his years to let the words or the manner of a girl—a mere child—affect him in this unaccountable way! What was the use of it? What was he thinking about?

Was he thinking too much of Ruth Daly, then? a young woman who could never think any thing of him—who thought so little of him in fact that only that morning she had asked if it was his wedding day; strong evidence that she could not have had him on her mind. Of course that was not likely, he being on his way to fifty and growing iron-gray. He had never paid her any attention, for that matter; and as for "making eyes," that process was for lunatics under twenty, or fools who went on their way unblushingly and in a chronic state of leer. Ah, yes, he was a failure; his scheming had been a failure too, and she had loved young Todd, after all. Or, if it were impossible to love that youth—and, upon his soul, he thought it *was* impossible—then she was worldly and selfish, and was regretting now the chance which she had let slip by her reserve. She had been quietly waiting for young Todd, making sure of his coming presently, and her disappointment at last had been more than she could disguise.

Well, he was sorry, he was vexed, and he brooded till a late hour upon the whole position, and went to bed shrugging his shoulders at the weakness of women—which he had done all his life, for that matter, before he had met Miss Daly. Nevertheless, Major Crawshaw did not give up the International; he should do so by-and-by, but he did not care to part with Miss Daly on bad terms, and he thought he should prefer the final meeting to be pleasant and friendly, so that there might be a fair reminiscence of her forever afterward in his memory. Confound it! he was getting an old fool—his sister was right in her fears. He was softening with uncommon rapidity. Miss Daly continued grave and distant in her manner—almost as if she owed him a grudge. She was always terribly busy with those abominable account-books, and would not look at him, except when he entered the counting-house, and then it was with so much calm surprise at his appearance—at his impudence in intruding upon the private apartments of the International, perhaps—that the poor major was fairly bewildered and discomfited.

He had it out at last, though. The reader is aware he plumed himself on being straightforward. "Miss Daly," he said, one morning, "in what way have I offended you?"

"I have not said you have given me offense," was the slow reply. "I have no right, possibly, to take offense."

"But still you are offended; and you are too truthful a girl to deny it."

"And you too clear-sighted a man not to know what is the cause," said Ruth Daly, facing him suddenly.

The major turned red and then pale. In all his life he had never felt in a more awkward position, but he acted as a gentleman should to a pretty woman. He gave in, and acknowledged his transgressions without attempting an excuse.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Daly, and I am very sorry."

There was so mournful an expression in the warrior's face that Miss Daly was softened at once. This was true contrition.

"Very sorry?" she repeated.

"Very."

"Then I forgive you, major, if a poor girl's forgiveness is of any value to you." She held her hand toward him, and was surprised to find that his was trembling. "You will not let this happen again, will you?" she said.

"Happen again! What do you say?"

"You know—you understand."

"Of course I had no idea that you were fond of him. You did not let me into that secret, Miss Daly," he stammered forth, "or you would have found me still your friend. But as to this happening again—"

The hand was timidly withdrawn; the eyes became larger and more luminous.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, in fresh amazement.

"About young Todd," he answered, "of course."

"I'm not thinking about young Todd," cried Ruth Daly, with a pretty little petulant outburst that really became her. "I never have thought about him. What has he ever been to me but a nuisance?"

"You don't say so!—I am glad—I— Well, then—what is the matter? What have I done?"

"You don't know? Oh, Major Crawshaw, what is the use of playing the hypocrite, and playing it so badly?"

"I play the hypocrite!" he exclaimed. "For Heaven's sake, girl, tell me what is my offense."

Ruth Daly looked at him again sharply and steadfastly, but the bright gray eyes of the soldier did not flinch. He had had only one idea as to the cause of Miss Daly's reserve, and this being dismissed, he was utterly lost. There was no time to consider a fresh cause of grievance at this juncture.

"You have a very bad memory," she said. "Try and think why I am here, and who put me here."

"Oh!" said the major, recollecting on the instant.

"It was you who persuaded Mr. Freshwater to appoint me book-keeper; it was you who persuaded him—who offered to pay my salary, even; and I—I fancied all the time it was my own wonderful talents which had set me in this place. You have robbed me of my independence by this; you have lowered me in my self-esteem."

"I wished to get you away from Battleton."

"At any cost—yes," and the tears were swimming in her eyes as she spoke; "but it was for your nephew's sake."

"Pardon me, Miss Daly, but it was for your own," said the major. "I wished to rescue you from a false position—to place you in a different sphere, where at least you should not be exposed to the vulgar attentions of a mob. I wanted you to be something better than a bar-maid, and I—I certainly told Mr. Freshwater you deserved to be."

"And he took your hint, as you were likely to be a good customer," she said, satirically, "as you had influence and many friends. But what could he have thought of me?"

"Thought! If he has even had a thought of you in any way disparaging, I'll knock his ugly head off!—ay, gad, I will!" exclaimed the major, warmly.

"Oh, he has been very kind in his way, and I do not think I have served him very badly; but I must leave the International."

"My dear—young lady," he added, with a jerk, "you will never be so precipitate—you—"

"I have already given Mr. Freshwater notice of withdrawal," said Miss Daly, interrupting him.

"Because I asked him to place you here?"

"Yes."

The major looked still more mournfully at her.

"I suppose it's a proper pride—I don't know," he said, helplessly. "I can not blame you; and yet I can not but think you are acting very rashly. And upon my honor," he blurted forth, "you are making me very miserable."

"You! Why?"

"Because all this is my fault—because— Miss Daly," he said, suddenly, "there is another reason why I placed you here, which no one knows but myself. You may as well have the whole truth whilst I am about it, and then you can laugh at me thoroughly some day."

Miss Daly did not laugh. On the contrary, she turned very white, guessing the whole truth at once.

"Pray don't say any more," she urged.

"Only that I love you, Miss Daly," said the impetuous major, "and have loved you in my quiet, old-fashioned way ever since I spoke to you on that Sunday morning down in Battleton. Very ridiculous of me, you will think, at my age; but I could not help it. Miss Daly, my life seemed very dull and lonely after I had known you, and there was a faint hope once that you might learn to care for me a little. There, that's the whole truth. Now I will wish you good-day, and take the liberty of saying, God bless you!"

He held both his hands toward her, but she did not see them for the mist before her eyes. He stooped and looked more closely into her face, and saw that she was crying.

"Miss Daly, forgive me if—"

"Go now. You are very kind—there is nothing more to forgive. I—I— Please go now, major, for my sake, will you not?"

Still he made no haste to leave her, being too much of a gentleman to leave her in tears. There was a softening in her voice, too, that told him he had not offended her anew; there came a new hope to him.

"Ruth," he exclaimed, "if I might only think you would learn to like me in time, that I was not too old for you, or too much of a bear, or—or—"

"You will go now, major," she entreated, putting her hands in his. "You will give me time to think of this, a little time to consider all you have said. It is like a dream to me at present."

"Not a bad dream—not quite a nightmare, Miss Daly?—say that."

"No," she murmured, with her head averted from him.

"And when will you give me an answer?" he asked. "To-morrow?"

"In a fortnight's time."

"Good heavens! What an age of suspense!"

"I am bewildered—I did not think—I could not believe—I— Major, *will* you go?" she said, almost angrily, in her excitement.

"Certainly. Good-day—good-by, Miss Ruth; I am going immediately;" and he marched away hurriedly. He was seen no more for a fortnight at the International. He was a brave man, but he had not the courage to appear until his time of suspense was over. And it had been a great suspense, cowering in the shadows of his rooms in the Albany a nervous and dispirited man, and no one save himself knew what a dreary, dreadful time of probation it was. He had set his heart on Ruth Daly, and it was a heart with only one idea to distract it in its sober middle age. Had he been a younger man, or a man more frivolous, he might have laughed himself out of this in a fortnight; but life had never been a laughing matter with him, and this love was more than a jest.

Miss Daly received him with a sad smile that dropped him to zero; but he was mistaken in his fears. She was very happy now: she had made up her mind to say Yes. She knew with whom she might trust the happiness of her life, and whom it would not be difficult to love, even if she did not love him already. She accepted him, and never repented marrying a man old enough to be her father. Very extraordinary, but people don't occasionally.

The good folk of Battleton, who relied on the major's dying like a bachelor and a gentleman, and leaving his worldly goods among them all, were very much shocked at first; but they recovered by degrees, all but young Todd, who never forgave his uncle, married and settled though he was for himself.

"It was a deuced shabby trick," he once said, late at night, and after a glass of whiskey and water, to which he clung for old association's sake, "to get me away from the girl, and then marry her bang off, when my back was turned. And little Daly might have known better—ah! and done better, too," he added, complacently. "She had one good chance for herself at the Junction, but she let it go by. Just like a woman, that was!"

THE END.

EFFORTS TO REPRESS YELLOW FEVER.

The re-appearance of yellow fever in our Southern cities, after the terrible havoc wrought by it in the same localities last year, shows that so far the measures devised for its prevention and cure are ineffective. Yet within the past twelvemonth the most energetic efforts have been made to get at the nature of the disease, and to organize such a hospital and quarantine system as may protect our coasts in the future. The most prominent actor in all the plans recently put in operation is Dr. John Maynard Woodworth, Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service.

In 1871 Dr. Woodworth received his appointment to the position that he now holds, and in which his talents have made him so conspicuous. For six years he has labored to perfect the organization of the Marine Hospital Service, which had been until that time, though in the seventy-third year of its existence, without any medical head. Every effort has been made to introduce systematic business methods in the conduct of its affairs. Instead of appointing medical officers solely on political grounds, candidates are now required to pass a satisfactory examination, and instead of the costly unsanitary hospital buildings of iron and stone, comparatively inexpensive pavilions are adopted. Another most admirable measure, which owes its inception to Dr. Woodworth, is the weekly issue of the "National Board of Health Bulletin," under the quarantine act of 1878. There can be no question that one of the conditions of public health is the diffusion among all health authorities of reliable information respecting the prevalence of epidemic or other disease in all parts of the world. Only by timely knowledge of the outbreak of yellow fever, cholera, the plague, etc., and the probable transportation of the poisons of these diseases, can our coasts be protected. This purpose the issue of the weekly Bulletin is expected to serve. Upward of six hundred consular officers at as many different stations are required to make weekly reports to the Surgeon-General of the sanitary condition of their respective stations, and to communicate by cable the name, date of departure, and port of destination in the United States of vessels hailing from infected ports, or having on board passengers or goods coming from infected districts. The Surgeon-General then furnishes weekly abstracts of the consular reports and other pertinent information to all civil health authorities. The first issue of the paper was on the 13th of July, 1878. The boards of health throughout the country co-operate by furnishing information and statistics; and as reliable and prompt correspondents are secured in all of the cities and large towns of our country, and the transmission of our consular sanitary reports is regular, the weekly Bulletins of Public Health can not fail to show a fair summary of the health condition of the civilized portions of the world. The following rules are to be observed by consuls, consular agents, and others in sending cable telegrams to the National Board of Health:

> In conformity to Rule 19 of "Rules and regulations for securing the best sanitary condition of vessels coming to the United States from foreign ports," the following cipher and abbreviations shall be used:
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> "National"—meaning National Board of Health.
>
> "Yellow"—meaning yellow fever has appeared.
>
> "Cholera"—meaning cholera has appeared.
>
> "Plague"—meaning plague has appeared.
>
> "Passengers," "Baggage," or "Merchandise," as the case may be—meaning that a vessel has sailed for the United States with passengers or goods from an infected district (though the vessel herself may be from a healthy port).
>
> The name of country—meaning that the disease named has appeared at *several places* in said country.
>
> The name of vessel—meaning that such vessel has sailed for the United States from the port whence the dispatch is sent.
>
> *Directions.*—In the body of the dispatch the name of the vessel should be given *first;* the name of the country *second*, when it is necessary (*i. e.*, if at other places in the country than at the port from which the dispatch is sent); the day of departure *third* (omitting month and year); the name of the port of destination *fourth* (this order is necessary to prevent confusing names of vessels with those of United States ports); the name of the disease—"cholera," "yellow," or "plague," as the case may be—*fifth;* how carried *sixth;* from what town or place *seventh.* This last will only be required once, unless the disease appears in adjacent ports, when the name of such port should appear in its proper order.
>
> All vessels will be understood to be steamers, unless otherwise stated in dispatch.
>
> The last name only will be signed to all dispatches.

Soon after the yellow fever appeared in Memphis in 1878 several leading citizens of that city appealed to the President to appoint a commission to investigate and report upon the origin and progress of the epidemic. The President would have taken prompt action in the matter had there been any appropriation available for the expenses of such a commission. Fortunately a noble lady—Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York—actuated by the same motives that prompted the citizens of Memphis, addressed Dr. Woodworth, asking what she could do toward the great end in view, and pledged an amount to start a general subscription for the purpose. His reply led her to say that she would, if necessary, contribute sufficient to meet the expenses of a commission, provided he would promptly undertake its organization, and direct a thorough investigation of the causes of the epidemic, with the view of preventing such deplorable visitations of yellow fever in the future. In view of this, and acting upon the advice of members of the Public Health Association—an organization representing all sections of the country—Dr. Woodworth appointed a number of prominent medical gentlemen to act as such a commission. On the assembling of Congress the Senate and House appointed committees on epidemic diseases, and authorized them to select experts to assist them in their work. Twelve were immediately appointed, and Surgeon-General Woodworth was made President of the Board. No time was lost, the members setting immediately to work to collect a mass of information regarding the cause of the epidemic. The commission worked steadily during the summer and a great part of last winter, but were not able to finish their reports in time to present them in complete form to Congress, then in session. A joint resolution was therefore introduced in February of this year by Mr. Casey Young to the effect that Surgeon-General Woodworth should be "requested to complete the maps and reports upon the causes and spread of the yellow fever epidemic of 1878, and present the same, together with the completed reports of the board of experts organized by the committees of the two Houses of Congress, to the first session of the Forty-sixth Congress." The reports of the Board of the Yellow Fever Commission will, it is hoped, be completed this autumn. They are expected to make a quarto volume of about eight hundred pages, and will undoubtedly contain a thorough and exhaustive summary of all that may be known upon the subject.

The fact has apparently been thoroughly established, through the labors of Dr. Woodworth and his able corps of assistants, that yellow fever is not indigenous in our country. There is no place within the territorial limits of the United States in which it has been determined that yellow fever has ever originated indigenously; that is, in which it has appeared as the product of any conjunction of meteorological, terrene, and other local influences. The testimony that has been relied upon to prove that the disease has sometimes been of indigenous origin in some of our Southern sea-ports, as, for example, New Orleans, is mostly of a negative character, and is certainly not conclusive. Indeed, it has been most distinctly proven that every epidemic of yellow fever that has occurred in the United States has been in chronological sequence to the increased prevalence of the disease in countries to the south of us, with which at the time we were in commercial communication. In its migrations across seas and continents yellow fever has always followed the lines of human travel and commercial intercourse, and the rapidity, the frequency, and the extent of its diffusion in space and time correspond strictly to the rapidity, the frequency, and the extent of the communication between infected and uninfected places. No instance is known in which it has passed from one place to another in a shorter time than would have sufficed for a man to have made the same journey. When the disease appears in the interior, it has undoubtedly been transmitted thither by some vehicle of communication, whether steamboats, river barges, wagons, or railroad cars. The most frequent agency in the dissemination of yellow fever from place to place is found in yellow fever patients, and more epidemics have resulted from the introduction into previously exempt places of persons sick of the disease, or falling sick after arrival, than from all other causes. To what extent the body of the sick person is responsible for this result, and to what extent his clothing and baggage are responsible for it, is not known.

With us yellow fever is a foreign importation, and comes to us across the ocean and the seas in steam-ships and sailing vessels. The disease clings to these ships with wonderful pertinacity, in spite of all the methods of ventilation, disinfection, and purification that have been tried. One scheme after another for destroying the active power of the poison has been devised, the last being artificial refrigeration. This plan was first suggested to Dr. Woodworth by Mr. John Gamgee, of London, England. Considerable experience in sanitary work led the latter gentleman to the conclusion that a handy steamer, of adequate strength and form, might be built to carry a powerful refrigerating machine and a standing store of cooled uncongealable liquids, whereby, at short notice, any ship might be effectually subjected in every part to any desired temperature above or below the freezing-point of water.

The present Gamgee glaciarium, with which it is thus proposed to annihilate the germs of yellow fever, is an apparatus combining with the manufacture of ice the refrigeration of rooms in which meat, fruits, and other articles are preserved, and the providing of skating rinks with genuine ice floors. By this machine water is frozen to ice, or air is cooled down, and its germs and moisture are frozen on iron plates, to purify, clean, and dry the air, thereby preventing putrefaction. The freezing agent of the Gamgee ice machine is ammonia, which, on account of its physical qualities, is the best for this purpose. It not only absorbs a great amount of heat in vaporizing, but also does it at a very low temperature. The ice machine proper consists of two or more compressors, a condenser, auxiliary condenser, and refrigerator. In the last a mixture of glycerine and water, chloride of magnesium, or other saline solution remaining liquid at low temperatures is cooled. This solution is led through pipes into vessels containing inverted moulds, which are filled with the water to be frozen. The ammonia gas is compressed and cooled in the condensers until it liquefies. It is then evaporated in the refrigerator, and forced back again by the compressor into the condensers, where it is cooled, and continues its circuit as described above.

Through the exertions of Dr. Woodworth, Mr. Gamgee's scheme was brought before Congress, and in April of this year an appropriation of $200,000—the sum suggested as necessary for the proper construction of the vessel and apparatus in question—was made. It was Mr. Gamgee's proposition to build this ship, and to have it ready for work within one hundred days of the time that he receives the order. "The price, $200,000," he says, "would cover the cost of maintenance for six months, since it is my desire to have under the supervision of the sanitary authorities men of experience and knowledge to conduct all work and experiments with a maximum efficiency. The first ships may be refrigerated free of cost, but when the value of the process is determined, a reasonable charge, made to cover expenses, would insure the permanent success of the boat, without having to call on Congress for further appropriations for its maintenance." The steamer is to be built of steel, and stanch enough to bear the strain of incessant service. In order to concentrate the power of the machine which it carries, it will always have from forty to fifty tons of magnesium solution in the ballast tanks cooled down to below zero Fahrenheit. Pumps of adequate size will clear out the bilge as much as possible. But the difficulty, especially in wooden ships, is the adherent organic matter, which penetrates the wood, and remains there, a constant source of danger, discharging into every fresh influx of air, or new cargo, more and more of the infecting material. To meet this a strong solution of chloride of magnesium will be pumped into the bilge, and wherever necessary, under a high pressure, by means of a hose, a current of this artificial "pickle" will be driven into the crevices and pores of the wood. Chlorides used in this way have a preservative influence on the wood, and effectually control the putrefactive or fermentative changes which the fetor indicates as concomitants of the contagious principle. The solution thus forced may be at twenty or thirty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, if necessary; and on the assumption of the Board of Experts that "the yellow fever poison is not able to withstand the influence of frost," it is not difficult to maintain the freezing liquids in circulation, in contact with the contaminated parts of a ship, so long as to render innocuous and even destroy such poison.

In view of the terrible scourge which is now visiting our Southern country for the second time within a twelvemonth, it is to be hoped that Mr. Gamgee's plan will be effective. Undoubtedly the present visitation is owing to some of the germs of the fever which have been lying dormant during the cold of winter. That this may occur is allowed by all medical men that have investigated the subject. The full penalty of past carelessness must be paid now, but since so reasonable and practical a scheme as that of Mr. Gamgee has been advanced, it seems as if the repetition of the calamity might be avoided. There can be no question that the employment of cold is the true method whereby to combat the fever. The use of cold in the treatment of disease dates back to Hippocrates, but its scientific use commenced with the introduction of heat observations in medicine. These have brought out most forcibly how dangerous and frequently fatal is an elevation of temperature of the human body. It is recorded that centuries ago, in many parts of Southern Italy, the free use of ice and snow, amongst people living in a very hot air, was essential to the limitation of malignant periodic fevers; and in the town of Messina, in Sicily, the deaths were reduced by one thousand annually on the introduction of ice. Over thirty years since, the late Dr. Reid, in his work on *Cold Ablutions in the Last Stage of Fever*, says that in numberless cases, where extreme thirst, prostration of strength, restlessness, total want of sleep, and raving delirium prevailed, the application of ice-cooled water to the whole body by a sponge slaked the thirst, revived the strength, calmed the patient, dispelled the delirium, and induced sleep, from which the sick awoke refreshed and comfortable. Ever since the outbreak of yellow fever last summer fresh interest has been revived in the use of cold in this and other diseases of like character, and the startling truth is confirmed that yellow fever is destroyed by a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit. These facts and the progress made in ice-producing and refrigerating machines seem to show that our vessels can be purified, our hospitals made true sanitariums, and the terrible scourge that is now depopulating Memphis, and terrifying the inhabitants of adjoining cities, finally driven from our shores, never to return.

A BURIED LAKE VILLAGE.

THE present year has been unusually rich in lacustrine "finds" in various parts of Switzerland. The long frost of January and February, by sealing up streams that generally flow all the year round, cut off the lakes from their accustomed sources of supply, and reduced them to an abnormally low level. Many hidden things have thus been brought to light, especially in the lakes of Neufchâtel and Morat, whose volume had some time before been considerably reduced by certain engineering operations, undertaken for the prevention of inundations, and which had the incidental effect of leaving high and dry places that have not been uncovered for centuries, probably for hundreds of centuries. The resulting discoveries were of a most interesting character, and have already led Swiss experts and archæologists to revise some of their theories, and assign to the lake-dwellers of Switzerland a higher degree of civilization than that with which they had previously credited them. But perhaps the most remarkable "find" of all has been made on a turf moor (peat moss) near Seeberg, canton of Berne. Seeberg is near Burgdorf, and not far from Herzogenbuchsee, which none who have travelled on the railway between Zürich and Berne can fail to remember, if only for its uncouth name, and for the tremendous mouthful it makes in pronunciation. In the commune of Seeberg is a small lake, about a mile in circumference, and in close contiguity to an extensive turf moor. On this moor many curious objects had from time to time been picked up by turf-cutters and others—bones, a flint hatchet, a bronze needle, bits of ancient pottery, etc. Moreover, a part of it had been called "Firestones" ("Flints") for ages, and geologists said it had once formed part of the Burgsee (the lake). Nevertheless, no systematic exploration was attempted until a short time ago, when the authorities of the Gymnasium of Burgdorf made a first attempt, by causing a trench to be dug in the moor on the north side of the lake.

Directly under the turf were found numerous remains of piles; further down, flint implements and weapons, intermixed with bone tools, articles in wood, bones of animals, and pottery, were turned up in great abundance. The flint implements were of the usual shape and sort—arrow and lance heads, knives and saws; and as many raw, spoiled, and broken flints were found, it is conjectured that the dwellers on the Burgsee were in the habit of making their own tools and arms. But as flint is not found in the neighborhood, the crude material must have been brought from a distance, probably from the country now known as France. On the other hand, they turned to good account the erratic blocks of diorite, of serpentine, and of euphotide (or *gabbro*, the aggregate of diallage and saussurite, and the *verde de Corsica duro* of artists) which have been scattered about the valley of the Emme by the great Rhone Glacier, the "find" consisting of many articles fabricated from these minerals. Stones splintered by the action of heat abound. These, it is supposed, were used for the purpose of boiling water, the lake-dwellers having no vessels capable of standing fire. The pottery is very primitive, made entirely by hand, and baked before an open fire. Nevertheless, some of the specimens—one especially, which was recovered almost entire, and with the remains of food adhering to its sides—possess a certain rude shapeliness, sufficient to show that the designers or makers of them were not altogether destitute of the artistic instinct. The lake-dwellers were also basket-makers, and not unskilled in carpentry (one of the "finds" being a bent basket handle exactly like those in use now), and the hatchet handles are exceedingly well made. One wooden instrument bears an almost startling likeness to the stock of a pistol, and might easily be converted into one; it probably served as the haft of a bone tool or weapon for boring or thrusting. Bone chisels were numerous, varying in size from four to ten centimeters long, and from one to two centimeters broad. Arrow-heads of the same material were found, and the metatarsal bone of a stag, fashioned into a pair of forks, and evidently intended for use at table. This gives a higher antiquity to forks for eating than has ever before been ascribed to them, and shows that the elegancies of life were by no means unknown to the primitive inhabitants of the Burgsee; and from the number of bone hair-pins found amongst the flint tools and weapons of war, it is evident that they paid some attention to the adornment of their persons.

The animal remains found on the turf moor are numerous and remarkable. Among them are the bones of the dog, the badger, and the common otter. The latter were doubtless met with in the immediate neighborhood of the Burgsee, but the presence of the bones of the wild ox and of the bear indicates that the lake-dwellers were bold and skillful hunters, as well as ingenious tool-makers. They were also keepers of cattle, for the most numerous animal remains brought to light were those of the common cow and the moor-cow. These exist in every stage of growth, showing that their owners had a taste for both veal and beef, while their fondness for venison is proved by the many bones of the stag and the roe discovered by the explorers. Evidence of a like character shows that they were hunters of the wild boar and eaters of the domesticated pig, and the existence of the beaver in Switzerland in prehistoric times is attested by the presence, among other bones, of several which comparative anatomists declare to have belonged to that rodent. One omission on this list will strike everybody. No mention is made of the bones of horses having been found, from which we may infer with tolerable certainty that the horse was either altogether unknown to the ancient men of the Burgsee, or that they had not succeeded in capturing and taming him.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY week brings a fresh list of disasters—by fire, by water, by the wild tornado, by the pestilence which walks in darkness and lays waste at noonday, as well as those caused by the recklessness and wickedness of man.

It was not until July 17 that the report reached Halifax that the *State of Virginia*, of the State Line Steamship Company, was wrecked on July 12 on the treacherous sands off Sable Island. All day on that fatal Saturday the vessel was enshrouded in dense fog, yet she continued on her way, and about eight o'clock in the evening grounded on the shoals where so many shipwrecks have occurred. There were on board about seventy-five passengers, besides officers and crew. Efforts were made to lighten the vessel by throwing the cargo overboard; but in vain; and as she began to settle, immediate preparations were made to land those on board. Signals of distress brought a government surf-boat from Sable Island to their assistance. Many had been safely landed, when, unfortunately, one boat capsized, and nine passengers—four women and five children—were drowned. The others were all rescued, and were made as comfortable as possible on the island until the arrival of the *Glendon*, in which the passengers were conveyed to Halifax. The *State of Virginia* is an iron steamer, built on the Clyde, and was furnished with all the improvements desirable for ocean travel. She sailed from this port for Ireland on July 10.

Memphis, so scourged by yellow fever last year, is again invaded by this pitiless foe. As we write, the panic-stricken people are fleeing from the city, and what horrors may be developed in the course of a few days no one can foresee. It seems strange, indeed, that after the fearful experience of last summer the most radical precautionary measures should not have been adopted by those Southern cities in which there was the remotest possibility that some germ of yellow fever might remain, to spring up, with warm weather, into rank growth. In cold weather Memphis should have been subjected to the most rigid sanitary inspection, and the most stringent measures of cleansing adopted. But now the pestilence has come; and while it is all very well for physicians to be sent by government to Havana to make scientific investigations into the nature and origin of the yellow fever, it is of far more vital importance at this time to insist upon the adoption everywhere of the most approved sanitary regulations which science has already devised.

The tornadoes which followed the intensely hot day, July 16, swept with alarming violence over many parts of the country, particularly New England, causing great damage to property, and the loss of many lives. In Boston Harbor several yachts and vessels were capsized, and five persons drowned. In numerous other sections of Massachusetts a brief but destructive tornado made the day doubly memorable, from its excessive heat, and the sudden, rushing storm of wind.

From the dépôt at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, a narrow-gauge road has been laid to the Profile House. It turns off abruptly, and shoots into the woods. It will not, however, take the place of the delightful stage-ride from Plymouth to the Profile House, as there are daily stages over this route.

The uninviting, disorderly Coney Island of ten years ago has vanished. Once that beautiful beach was given over to disreputable, drunken, and disagreeable people. Now the New York "roughs" are banished from the place, or, going there, are so restrained and civilized that for the time at least they are orderly and unobtrusive. Quiet, respectable people, women and children, go safely to the "beach." This is as it should be. All decent, quiet, law-abiding citizens, who do not interfere with the rights and pleasures of their neighbors, are entitled to equal freedom in the enjoyment of public privileges. Offensive conduct should exclude any and every individual from places where respectable people resort. But to us it seems in accordance with the liberty of a republic that conduct and reputable appearance, and not name or race, wealth or rank, should be the basis upon which admittance to public pleasure-grounds, or exclusion therefrom, should be made.

The smallest craft—so says report—that ever started on a trip around the world is the *Golden State*, which sailed from Boston July 7. She is schooner-rigged, nineteen feet in length, two feet and a half depth of hold, and one and one-seventh tons burden. Her crew consists of Captain Herbert F. Burrill and First Officer Andrew B. Coon, both of whom are experienced navigators, and are confident of making a safe voyage.

A farmer living near Highland Falls, while shaking dry Paris green upon his potatoes the other day, inhaled some of the poison, and after severe suffering died a few days afterward. The use of Paris green on crops should be restricted, if not prohibited, since harm so often results from it.

We clip the following from the Winnipeg (Manitoba) *Free Press*: "There is a letter in the post-office addressed to 'His Satanic Majesty Sitting Bull, on the Rampage, British North America.' If the writer ever takes a turn out by Wood Mountain, he had better leave his hair at home."

On July 10, it was stated in *Among the Clouds*—the little journal published on Mount Washington—that the amount of snow in Tuckerman's Ravine was much greater than at the same time last year. There was a single drift fully seventy-five feet deep and a thousand feet long.

It appears from the annual report of the New York Mercantile Library Association that at the close of the year ending April 30 the total number of volumes in the library was 182,958. The number added during the year was 7027. The making of a new catalogue, which has long been desired, has been postponed for lack of funds; but the card catalogue is continued, and many improvements have been made in the arrangement of it. The down-town branch of the library is at 59 and 61 Liberty Street; and an up-town branch has been established at 743 Sixth Avenue.

The Musical Festival Association offered, several months ago, a prize of $1000 for the best musical composition by a native American composer, to be sung at the musical festival in 1880. The board of judges appointed to pass on the merits of the works consists of Theodore Thomas, president; Dr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York; Asger Hamerick, of Baltimore; Otto Singer, of Cincinnati; and Carl Zerrahn, of Boston.

Prices of comforts and luxuries, as well as of necessaries, at summer resorts, fall slowly; yet it will be comforting to *paterfamilias* to perceive that there *is* a reduction in some things. At Long Branch, for example, the Hackmen's Association has reduced the price of carriages to $1 50 per hour. The regular fee for a bathing suit was formerly fifty cents; now half that sum is charged. Omnibus fare has been twenty-five cents; now the usual charge is ten cents. A *table d'hôte* dinner at the principal hotels is now one dollar.

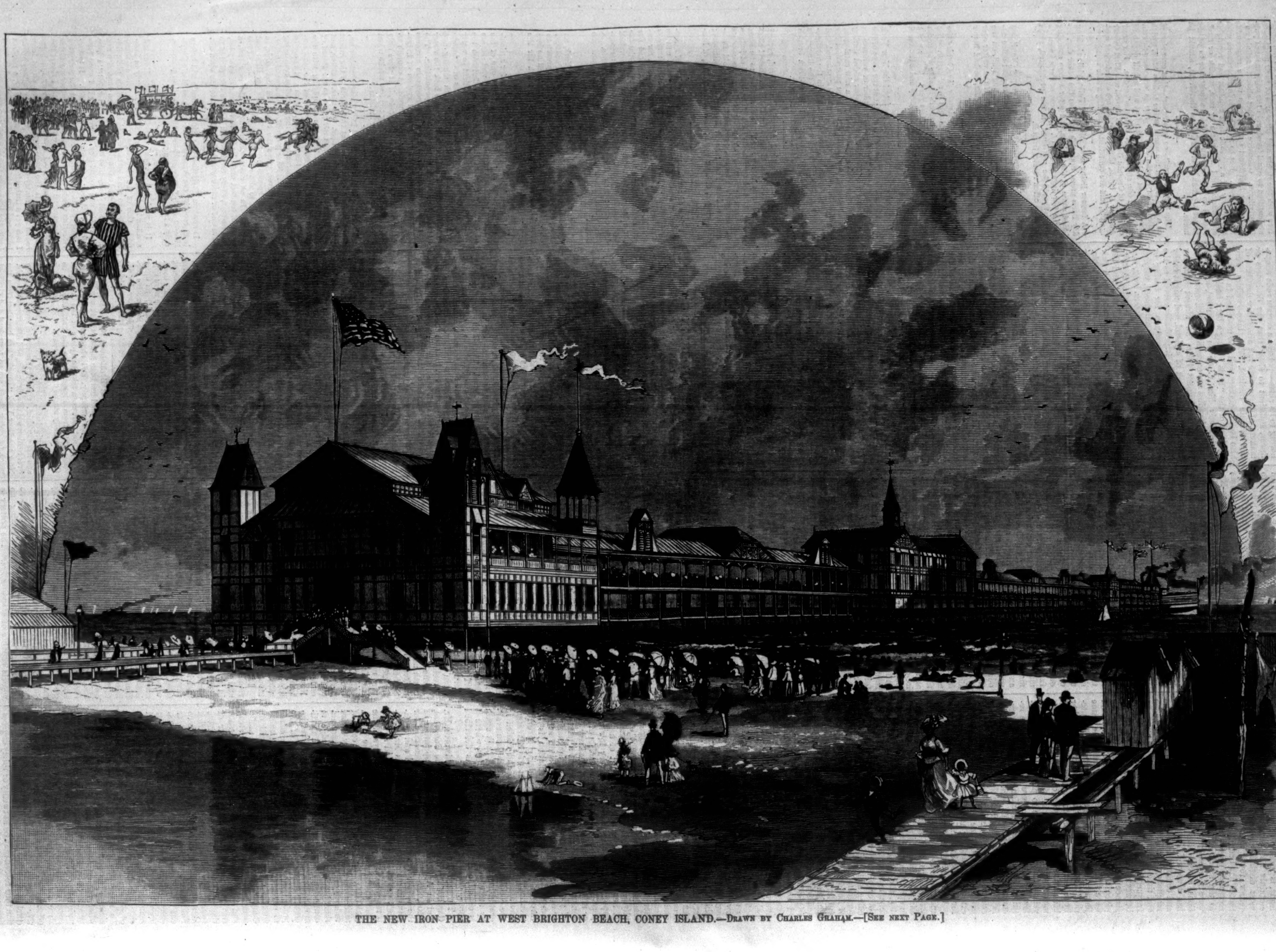
There recently died in Binghamton, New York, an aged Methodist minister, the Rev. Zachariah Paddock, D.D., who was born in 1798, and licensed to preach in 1818. His life was a busy one, for he preached no less than 14,000 sermons, besides writing much for the press.

To obtain a sufficient quantity of water for agricultural purposes in Colorado seems to be one of the greatest problems of the age. There is a vast section of territory west of the Missouri, and between the Mexican and the British lines, very deficient in water supply. While the mountainous regions of Colorado will doubtless be settled thickly with mining and manufacturing inhabitants, the plains lack the water needful to sustain an agricultural population. The water that comes down from the mountain streams is mostly wasted under the present system of irrigation, although the Platte alone furnishes enough to water all the arable land in Colorado, if it were only stored up for distribution during the few weeks when the arid plains are suffering for moisture.

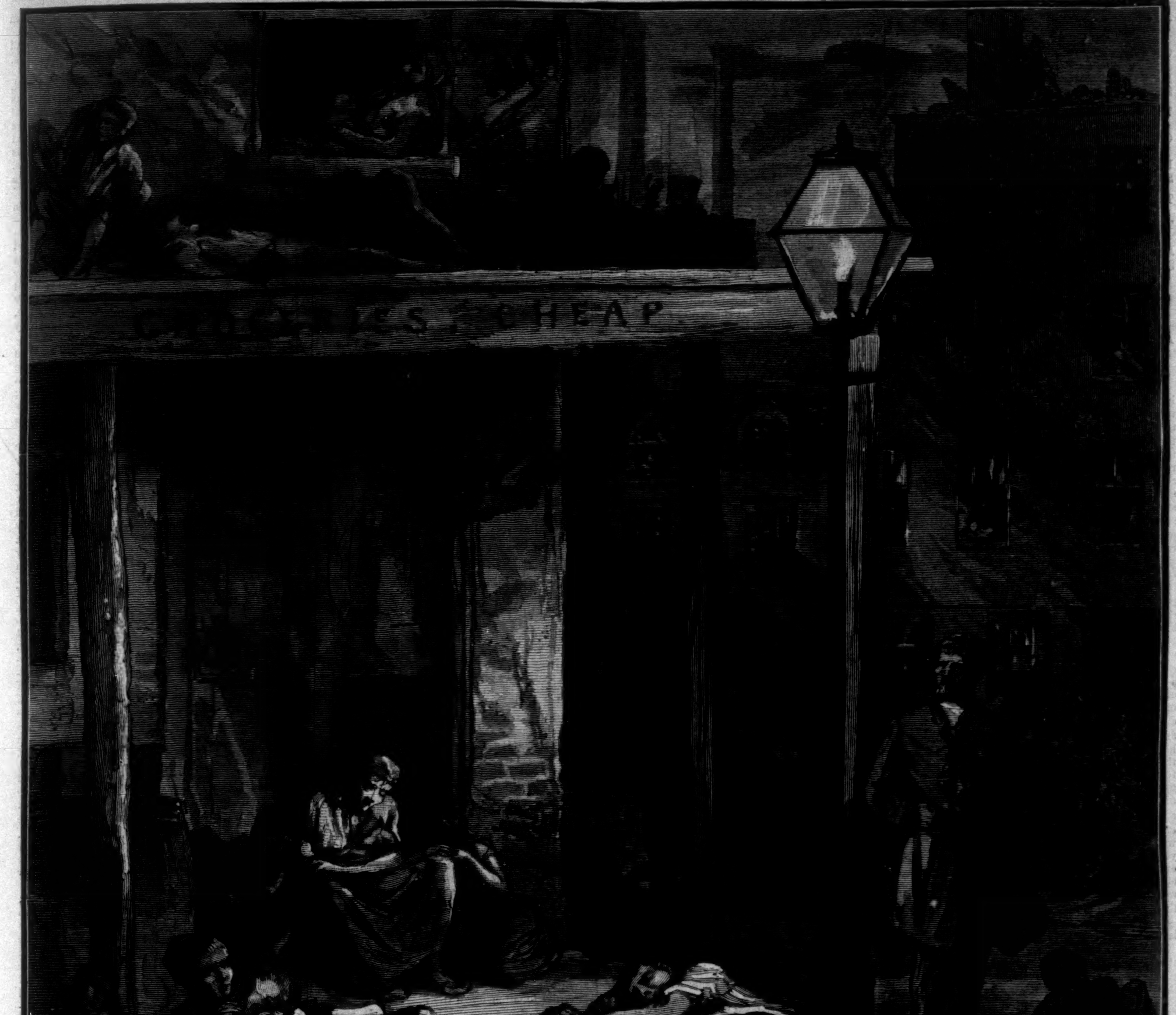
There are in this city about 25,000 tenement-houses, and statistics inform us that two-thirds of the infant mortality is in these houses. Owners, builders, and architects are bringing in their plans to the Board of Health, to ascertain if they are complying with the law in regard to new buildings. One of the most important features of the new law, which will apply to all houses put up hereafter, is the provision restricting the building to sixty-five per cent. of the area of the lot. The law, however, gives the board the discretion, in cases where special provision is made for light and ventilation, to allow the building to cover more of the ground. In all cases, according to the new law, a space of ten feet must be left in the rear of every lot, and further, every room which is to be occupied is to have one or more windows opening into the open air.

It appears likely that the King of Spain will before long espouse the Austrian Archduchess Marie Christine—a highly accomplished and beautiful princess, only a few months younger than Alfonso.

It is said that Madame Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud and her husband live very quietly and happily in London. One of the chief treasures of the prima donna, according to the London *World*, is a cheap, plain fiddle, cracked and stringless. But when inquiries are made about it she lifts it daintily, and says: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so; but I am not permitted. It is suspected that the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin, nevertheless, and love this one very much indeed, for it is the instrument I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a little child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am proud of it;" and the fair head is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, and the soft curls are shaken.



THE NEW IRON PIER AT WEST BRIGHTON BEACH, CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See next Page.]



AMONG THE TENEMENT-HOUSES DURING THE HEATED TERM—JUST BEFORE DAYBREAK.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

SEA-BREEZES AND BROILING STREETS.

The work of transformation at Coney Island still goes on, and each week some new feature is added to the many attractions of this favorite resort. One of the most important additions of the present season is the new iron pier at West Brighton, opposite Cable's.

This magnificent structure, built under the supervision of Messrs. Maclay & Davies, civil engineers, of this city, is the largest of its kind, and was especially designed, both in size and arrangement, to meet the growing requirements of those who frequent the island. It combines the principal features of similar piers at celebrated European sea-side resorts, being adapted for purposes of promenade and embarkation, with bathing facilities and restaurant accommodations. Like its famous namesake on the English coast, it extends out into the sea for a distance of 1000 feet. There are two decks, or stories, the upper one being roofed, with buildings erected over the wide portions, and surmounted by towers, gables, dormer windows, and other architectural ornamentations. The pier stands on wrought-iron piles 9 inches in external diameter, with massive iron foot-plates on enlarged bases sunk to the depth of about 18 feet in sand, and distributed in parallel rows 12 to 16 feet apart transversely, with 20-feet spans longitudinally. These 260 piles extend above water 18 feet, forming columns with iron capitals, to which wrought-iron girders are bolted for carrying the upper floor, while the other floor is supported in a similar manner upon iron beams bolted to collars bearing on the couplings of the columns. The piles are braced by horizontal struts and diagonal tie rods under each floor, with vertical bracings under the central building and pier head extending to the water-line. The wooden, as well as the iron, piles were sunk by injecting water through a pipe, this being the same method adopted by French engineers at the new works at Calais harbor with considerable success. The Delaware Bridge Company are the contractors for the substructure, and the buildings are being erected by Hayden & Winans.

The pier is reached by boats from New York, and by cars from Brooklyn. Once there, the visitor finds all the facilities for enjoyment that could be desired. He can bathe, or sit and listen to delightful music, while he looks out upon the sea and watches the ships go by. Refreshments of good quality are also served at reasonable prices. And all this for a few cents.

But cheap as the cost of the excursion is, there are many who can not afford to take it. It seems almost incredible, and yet it is strictly true, that in the low tenement-house districts of this city and Brooklyn there are thousands of men, women, and children who have never seen the green fields of the country, or the beautiful blue waters of the ocean. Now and then some benevolent individual or association takes a boat-load of them on a free excursion up and down the rivers, or a car-load to some neighboring farmer's home for a day, but the great mass of the very poor never get even this. The whole summer long they are shut up in the great city, where hundreds of their little ones die for want of the fresh air. It is true that ocean breezes often relieve the heat and lessen the suffering, but when these are wanting, life is almost intolerable. The only hope of the day is that the night may be cool, and that sleep will restore the waste of the day; but there are nights that are stifling—nights when one can hardly sleep even in the large and roomy country house, and certainly not in the barracks or the crowded shanty. As well might one try to sleep in the laundry on ironing-day, with all the windows closed, or in the kitchen when the dinner is being cooked, as to seek slumber in the little ten by twelve apartment of the tenement-house on a hot night. But bad as they are, these comparisons fail to tell the whole story, for there are times when a baker's oven heated seven times would not be worse than one of the rooms in which a poor man and his family are compelled to sleep. No wonder that many of them take to the roofs, the back yards, and even the streets, when to stay in-doors would be to well-nigh suffocate. Mr. Eytinge's picture is not a fanciful sketch, but a faithful representation of what the artist really saw on one of the hottest nights of the present season. So generally did the poor take to the streets during the heated term that in some places one could hardly pass over the sidewalks without stepping on naked children, while the stoops were also crowded with adult sleepers.

BEYOND THE SEA.

You have taken the world away, love;
I've only the sun and the moon,
Only the silvery lustre,
Only the glowing noon;
For these they journey from you to me,
Sweetheart, sweetheart, beyond the sea.

The waves and the clouds and the planets, love,
Restless and wild they roam;
Only the grand old sun, love,
Yonder in heaven's high dome,
Has surely journeyed from you to me,
Sweetheart, sweetheart, beyond the sea.

The moon comes over the waters,
Building her silvery track;
The eager heart of a lover
Waits and welcomes her back;
For soft she cometh from you to me,
Sweetheart, sweetheart, beyond the sea.

CROCKER'S HOLE.

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc.

PART I.

The Culm, which rises in Somersetshire, and hastening into a fairer land (as the border waters wisely do), falls into the Exe near Killepton, formerly was a lovely trout stream, such as perverts the Devonshire angler from due respect toward Father Thames and the classic deeps round London. In the Devonshire valleys it is sweet to see how soon a spring becomes a rill, and a rill runs on into a rivulet, and a rivulet swells into a brook; and before one has time to say, "What are you at?" before the first tree it ever spoke to is a dummy, or the first hill it ever ran down has turned blue, here we have all the airs and graces, demands and assertions, of a full-grown river.

But what is the test of a river? Who shall say? "The power to drown a man," replies the river, darkly. But rudeness is not argument. Rather shall we say that the power to work a good undershot wheel, without being dammed up all night in a pond, and leaving a tidy back stream to spare at the bottom of the orchard, is a fair certificate of riverhood. If so, many Devonshire streams attain that rank within five miles of their spring; ay, and rapidly add to it. At every turn they gather aid, from ash-clad dingle and aldered meadow, mossy rock and ferny wall, hedge-trough roofed with bramble netting, where the baby water lurks, and lanes that coming down to ford bring suicidal tribute. Arrogant, all-engrossing river, now it has claimed a great valley of its own; and whatever falls within the hill scoop sooner or later belongs to itself. Even the crystal "shutt" that crosses the farm-yard by the wood-rick, and glides down an aqueduct of last year's bark for Mary to fill the kettle from; and even the tricklets that have no organs for telling or knowing their business, but only get into unwary oozings in and among the water-grass, and there make moss and forget themselves among it—one and all, they come to the same thing at last, and that is the river.

The Culm used to be a good river at Culmstock, tormented already by a factory, but not strangled as yet by a railroad. How it is now the present writer does not know, and is afraid to ask, having heard of a vile "Culm Valley Line." But Culmstock Bridge was a very pretty place to stand and contemplate the ways of trout—which is easier work than to catch them. When I was just big enough to peep above the rim, or to lie upon it with one leg inside for fear of tumbling over, what a mighty river it used to seem! for it takes a treat there, and spreads itself. Above the bridge the factory stream falls in again, having done its business, and washing its hands in the innocent half that has strayed down the meadows. Then under the arches they both rejoice, and come to a slide of about two feet, and make a short wide pool below, and indulge themselves in perhaps two islands, through which a little river always magnifies itself, and maintains a mysterious middle. But after that all of it used to come together, and make off in one body for the meadows, intent upon nurturing trout with rapid stickles, and buttercuppy corners where fat flies may tumble in. And here you may find in the very first meadow, or at any rate you might have found forty years ago, the celebrated "Crocker's Hole."

The story of Crocker is unknown to me, and interesting as it doubtless was, I do not deal with him, but with his Hole. Tradition said that he was a baker's boy, who, during his basket rounds, fell in love with a maiden who received the cottage loaf, or perhaps good "Households," for her master's use. No doubt she was charming, as a girl should be, but whether she encouraged the youthful baker, and then betrayed him with false *rôle*, or whether she "consisted" throughout—as our cousins across the water express it—is known to their manes only. Enough that she would not have the floury lad; and that he, after giving in his books and money, sought an untimely grave among the trout. And this was the first pool below the bread-walk deep enough to drown a five-foot baker-boy. Sad it was; but such things must be, and bread must still be delivered daily.

A truce to such reflections—as our foremost writers always say, when they do not see how to go on with them; but it is a serious thing to know what Crocker's Hole was like; because at a time when, if he had only persevered and married the maid, and succeeded to the oven, and reared a large family of short-weight bakers, he might have been leaning on his crutch beside the pool, and teaching his grandson to swim by precept (that beautiful proxy for practice)—at such a time, I say, there lived a remarkably fine trout in that hole. Anglers are notoriously truthful, especially as to what they catch, or even more frequently have not caught. Though I may have written fiction, among many other sins—as a nice old lady told me once—now I have to deal with facts; and foul scorn would I count it ever to make believe that I caught that fish. My length at that time was not more than the butt of a four-jointed rod, and all I could catch was a minnow with a pin, which our cook Lydia would not cook, but used to say, "Oh, what a shame, Master Richard! they would have been trout in the summer, please God, if you would only 'a let 'em grow on." She is living now, and will bear me out in this.

But upon every great occasion there arises a great man; or, to put it more accurately, in the present instance, a mighty and distinguished boy. My father, being the parson of the parish, and getting, need it be said? small pay, took sundry pupils, very pleasant fellows, about to adorn the universities. Among them was the original "Bude light," as he was satirically called at Cambridge, for he came from Bude, and there was no light in him. Among them also was John Pike, a born Zebedee, if ever there was one.

John Pike was a thickset younker, with a large and bushy head, keen blue eyes that could see through water, and the proper slouch of shoulder into which great anglers ripen; but greater still are born with it; and of these was Master John. It mattered little what the weather was, and scarcely more as to the time of year, John Pike must have his fishing every day, and on Sundays he read about it, and made flies. All the rest of the time he was thinking about it. What would he have given for a copy of *The Fishing Gazette*? But in those days no such luxury was known.

My father was coaching him in the fourth book of the Æneid, and all those wonderful speeches of Dido, where passion disdains construction; but the only line Pike cared for was of horse-hair. "I fear, Mr. Pike, that you are not giving me your entire attention," my father used to say, in his mild dry way; and once when Pike was more than usually abroad, his tutor begged to share his meditations. "Well, Sir," said Pike, who was very truthful, "I can see a green-drake by the strawberry-tree, the first of the season, and your derivation of 'barbarus' put me in mind of my barberry dye." In those days it was a very nice point to get the right tint for the mallard's feather.

No sooner was lesson done than Pike, whose rod was ready upon the lawn, dashed away always for the river, rushing headlong down the hill, and away to the left through a private yard, where "no thoroughfare," was put up, and a big dog stationed to enforce it. But Cerberus himself could not have stopped John Pike; his conscience backed him up in trespass the most sinful when his heart was inditing of a trout upon the rise.

All this, however, is preliminary, as the boy said when he put his father's coat upon his grandfather's tenter-hooks, with felonious intent upon his grandmother's apples; the main point to be understood is this, that nothing—neither brazen tower, hundred-eyed Argus, nor Cretan Minotaur—could stop John Pike from getting at a good stickle. But even as the world knows nothing of its greatest men, its greatest men know nothing of the world beneath their very nose, till fortune sneezes dexter. For two years John Pike must have been whipping the water as hard as Xerxes, without having once dreamed of the glorious trout that lived in Crocker's Hole. But why, when he ought to have been at least on bowing terms with every fish as long as his middle finger—why had he failed to know this champion? The answer is simple: because of his short-cuts. Flying as he did like an arrow from a bow, Pike used to hit his beloved river at an elbow some furlong below Crocker's Hole, where a sweet little stickle sailed away down stream, whereas for the length of a meadow upward the water lay smooth, clear, and shallow; therefore the youth with so little time to spare rushed into the downward joy.

And here it may be noted that the leading maxim of the present period, that man can discharge this duty only by going counter to the stream, was scarcely mooted in those days. My grandfather (who was a wonderful man, if he was accustomed to fill a cart in two days of fly-fishing on the Barle) regularly fished down stream; and what more than a cart-load need any one put into his basket?

And surely it is more genial and pleasant to behold our friend the river growing and thriving as we go on, strengthening its voice and enlarging its bosom, and sparkling through each successive meadow with richer plenitude of silver, than to trace it against its own grain and good-will toward weakness, and littleness, and immature conceptions.

However, you will say that if John Pike had fished up stream, he would have found this trout much sooner. And that is true; but still, as it was, the trout had more time to grow into such a prize. And the way in which John found him out was this. For some days he had been tormented with a very painful tooth, which even poisoned all the joys of fishing. Therefore he resolved to have it out, and sturdily entered the shop of John Sweetland, the village blacksmith, and there paid his sixpence. Sweetland extracted the teeth of the village, whenever they required it, in the simplest and most effectual way. A piece of fine wire was fastened round the tooth, and the other end round the anvil's nose; then the sturdy blacksmith shut the lower half of his shop door, which was about breast-high, with the patient outside and the anvil within; a strong push of the foot upset the anvil, and the tooth flew out like a well-thrown fly.

When John Pike had suffered this very bravely—"Ah, Master Pike," said the blacksmith, with a grin, "I reckon you won't pull out thic there big vish"—the smithy commanded a view of the river—"clever as you be, quite so peart as thiccy."

"What big fish?" asked the boy, with deepest interest, though his mouth was bleeding fearfully.

"Why, that girt mortial of a vish as hath his hover in Crocker's Hole. Zum on 'em saith as 'a must be a zammon."

Off went Pike with his handkerchief to his mouth, and after him ran Alec Bolt, one of his fellow-pupils, who had come to the shop to enjoy the extraction.

"Oh my!" was all that Pike could utter when, by craftily posting himself, he had obtained a good view of this grand fish.

"I'll lay you a crown you don't catch him," cried Bolt, an impatient youth who scorned angling.

"How long will you give me?" asked the wary Pike, who never made rash wagers.

"Oh, till the holidays if you like; or, if that won't do, till Michaelmas."

Now the midsummer holidays were six weeks off—boys used not to talk of "vacations" then, still less of "recesses."

"I think I'll bet you," said Pike, in his slow way, bending forward carefully, with his keen eyes on this monster; "but it would not be fair to take till Michaelmas. I'll bet you a crown that I catch him before the holidays—at least unless somebody else does."

PART II.

The day of that most momentous interview must have been the 14th of May. Of the year I will not be so sure; for children take more note of days than of years, for which the latter have their full revenge thereafter. It must have been the 14th, because the morrow was our holiday, given upon the 15th of May, in honor of a birthday.

Now John Pike was beyond his years wary as well as enterprising, calm as well as ardent, quite as rich in patience as in promptitude and vigor. But Alec Bolt was a headlong youth, volatile, hot, and hasty, fit only to fish the Maelstrom, or a torrent of new lava. And the moment he had laid that wager he expected his crown-piece; though time, as the lawyers phrase it, was "expressly of the essence of the contract." And now he demanded that Pike should spend the holiday in trying to catch that trout.

"I shall not go near him," that lad replied, "until I have got a new collar." No piece of personal adornment was it without which he would not act, but rather that which now is called the fly-cast, or the gut-cast, or the trace, or what it may be. "And another thing," continued Pike; "the bet is off if you go near him, either now or at any other time, without asking my leave first, and then only going as I tell you."

"What do I want with the great slimy beggar?" the arrogant Bolt made answer. "A good rat is worth fifty of him. No fear of my going near him, Pike. You sha'n't get out of it that way." Pike showed his remarkable qualities that day by fishing exactly as he would have fished without having heard of the great Crockerite. He was up and away upon the mill stream before breakfast; and the forenoon he devoted to his favorite course—first down the Craddock stream, a very pretty confluent of the Culm, and from its junction, down the pleasant hams, where the river winds toward Uffculme. It was my privilege to accompany this hero as his humble Sancho, while Bolt and the faster race went up the river ratting. We were back in time to have Pike's trout (which ranged between two ounces and half a pound) fried for the early dinner; and here it may be lawful to remark that the trout of the Culm are of the very purest excellence, by reason of the flinty bottom, at any rate in these the upper regions. For the valley is the western outlet of the Blackdown range, with the Beacon hill upon the north, and Hackpen long ridge to the south; and beyond that again the Whetstone hill, upon whose western end dark port-holes scarped with white grit mark the pits. But flint is the staple of the broad Culm Valley, under good well-pastured loam; and here are chalcedonies and agate stones.

At dinner everybody had a brace of trout—large for the larger folk, little for the little ones, with coughing and some patting on the back for bones. What of equal purport could the fierce rat-hunter show? Pike explained many points in the history of each fish, seeming to know them none the worse, and love them all the better, for being fried. We banqueted, neither a whit did soul get stinted of banquet impartial. Then the wielder of the magic rod very modestly sought leave of absence at the tea-time. "Fishing again, Mr. Pike, I suppose?" my father answered, pleasantly. "I used to be fond of it at your age, but never so entirely wrapped up in it as you are."

"No, Sir; I am not going fishing again. I want to walk to Wellington, to get some things at Cherry's."

"Books, Mr. Pike? Ah! I am very glad of that. But I fear it can only be fly-books."

"I want a little Horace for eighteenpence—the Cambridge one just published, to carry in my pocket—and a new hank of gut."

"Which of the two is the more important? Put that into Latin, and answer it."

"Utrum pluris facio? Flaccum flocci. Viscera magni." With this vast effort Pike turned red as any trout spot.

"After that, who could refuse you?" said my father. "You always tell the truth, my boy, in Latin or in English."

Although it was a long walk, some fourteen miles to Wellington and back, I got permission to go with Pike; and as we crossed the bridge and saw the tree that overhung Crocker's Hole, I begged him to show me that mighty fish. "Not a bit of it," he replied. "It would bring the blackguards. If the blackguards once find him out, it is all over with him."

"The blackguards are all in factory now, and I am sure they can't see us from the windows. They won't be out till five o'clock."

With the true liberality of young England, which abides even now as large and glorious as ever, we always called the free and enlightened operatives of the period by the courteous name above set down, and it must be acknowledged that some of them deserved it, although perhaps they poached with less of science than their sons. But the cowardly murder of fish by liming the water was already prevalent.

Yielding to my request, and perhaps his own desire—manfully kept in check that morning—Pike very carefully approached that pool, commanding me to sit down while he reconnoitred from the meadow upon the right bank of the stream. And the place which had so sadly quenched the fire of the poor baker's love filled my childish heart with dread and deep wonder at the cruelty of women. But as for John Pike, all he thought of was the fish, and the best way to get him.

Very likely that hole is "holed out" now, as the Yankees well express it, or at any rate changed out of knowledge. Even in my time a very heavy flood entirely altered its character; but to the eager eye of Pike it seemed pretty much as follows, and possibly it may have come to such a form again:

The river, after passing through a hurdle fence at the head of the meadow, takes a little turn or two of bright and shallow indifference, then gathers itself into a good strong slide, as if going down a slope instead of steps. The right bank is high, and beetles over with yellow loam and grassy fringe; but the other side is of flinty shingle, low and bare, and washed by floods. At the end of this rapid the stream turns sharply under an ancient alder-tree into a large deep calm repose, cool, unruffled, and sheltered from the sun by branch and leaf—and that is the hole of poor Crocker.

At the head of the pool (where the hasty current rushes in so eagerly, with noisy excitement and much ado), the quieter waters from below, having rested and enlarged themselves, come lapping up round either curve, with some recollection of their past career, the hoary experience of foam. And sidling toward the new arrival of the impulsive column, where they meet it, things go on which no man can describe without his mouth being full of water. A V is formed, a fancy-letter V, beyond any designer's tracery, and even beyond his imagination—a perpetually fluctuating limpid wedge, perpetually crenelled and rippled into by little ups and downs that try to make an impress, but can only glide away upon either side, or sink in dimples under it. And here a gray bough of the ancient alder stretches across, like a thirsty giant's arm, and makes it a very ticklish place to throw a fly. Yet this was the very spot our John Pike must put his fly into, or lose his crown.

Because the great tenant of Crocker's Hole, who allowed no other fish to wag a fin there, and from strict monopoly had grown so fat, kept his victualling yard—if so low an expression can be used concerning him—within about a square yard of this spot. He had a sweet hover, both for rest and recreation, under the bank, in a placid antre, where the water made no noise, but tickled his belly in digestive ease. The loftier the character is of any being, the slower and more dignified his movements are. No true psychologist could have believed—as Sweetland the blacksmith did, and Mr. Pook the tinman—that this trout could ever be the embodiment of Crocker. For this was the last trout in the universal world to drown himself for love, if truly any trout has done so.

"You may come now, and try to look along my back," John Pike, with a reverential whisper, said to me. "Now don't be in a hurry, young stupid; kneel down. He is not to be disturbed at his dinner, mind. You keep behind me, and look along my back. I never clapped eyes on such a whopper."

I had to kneel down in a tender reminiscence of pasture-land, and gaze carefully; and not having eyes like those of our Zebedee (who offered his spine for a camera, as he crawled on all fours in front of me), it took me a long time to descry an object most distinct to all who have that special gift of piercing with their eyes the water. See what is said upon this subject in that delicious book, *The Gamekeeper at Home*.

"You are no better than a muff," said Pike; and it was not in my power to deny it.

"If the sun would only leave off," I said. But the sun, who was having a very pleasant play with the sparkle of the water and the twinkle of the leaves, had no inclination to leave off yet, but kept the rippling crystal in a dance of flashing facets, and the quivering verdure in a steady flush of gold.

But suddenly a May-fly, a luscious gray-drake, richer and more delicate than canvas-back or woodcock, with a dart and a leap and a merry zigzag, began to enjoy a little game above the stream. Rising and falling like a gnat, thrilling her gauzy wings, and arching her elegant pellucid frame, every now and then she almost dipped her three long tapering whisks into the dimples of the water.

"He sees her! He'll have her as sure as a gun," cried Pike, with a gulp, as if he himself were "rising." "Now can you see him, stupid?"

"Crikey, crokums!" I exclaimed, with classic elegance; "I have seen that long thing for five minutes; but I took it for a tree."

"You little"—animal quite early in the alphabet; "now don't you stir a peg, or I'll dig my elbow into you."

The great trout was stationary almost as a stone, in the middle of the "V" above described. He was gently fanning with his large clear fins, but holding his own against the current mainly by the wagging of his broad-fluked tail. As soon as my slow eyes had once defined him, he grew upon them mightily, moulding himself in the matrix of the water, as a thing put into jelly does. And I doubt whether even John Pike saw him more accurately than I did. His size was such, or seemed to be such, that I fear to say a word about it; not because language does not contain the word, but from dread of exaggeration. But his shape and color may be reasonably told without wounding the feelings of an age whose incredulity springs from self-knowledge.

His head was truly small, his shoulders vast; the spring of his back was like a rainbow when the sun is southing; the generous sweep of his deep elastic belly, nobly pulped out with rich nurture, showed what the power of his brain must be, and seemed to undulate, time for time, with the vibrant vigilance of his large wise eyes. His latter end was consistent also. An elegant taper run of counter, coming almost to a cylinder as a mackerel does, boldly developed with a hugeous spread to a glorious amplitude of swallow-tail. His color was all that can well be desired, but ill described by any poor word-palette. Enough that he seemed to tone away from olive and umber, with carmine stars, to glowing gold and soft pure silver, mantled with a subtle flush of rose and fawn and opal. Swoop came a swallow, as we gazed, and was gone with a flick, having missed the May-fly. But the wind of his passage or the skirr of wing struck the merry dancer down, so that he fluttered for one instant on the wave, and that instant was enough. Swift as the swallow, and more true of aim, the great trout made one dart, and a sound, deeper than a tinkle but as silvery as a bell, rang the poor ephemerid's knell. The rapid water scarcely showed a break; but a bubble sailed down the pool, and the dark hollow echoed with the music of a rise.

"He knows how to take a fly," said Pike; "he has had too many to be tricked with mine. Have him I must; but how ever shall I do it?"

All the way to Wellington he uttered not a word, but shambled along with a mind full of care. When I ventured to look up now and then, to surmise what was going on beneath his hat, deeply set eyes, and a wrinkled forehead, relieved at long intervals by a solid shake, proved that there are meditations deeper than those of philosopher or statesman.

PART III.

Surely no trout could have been misled by the artificial May-fly of that time, unless he were either a very young fish, quite new to entomology, or else one afflicted with a combination of myopy and bulimy. Even now there is room for plenty of improvement in our counterfeit presentment; but in those days the body was made with yellow mohair, ribbed with red silk and gold twist, and as thick as a fertile bumble-bee. John Pike perceived that to offer such a thing to Crocker's trout would probably consign him—even if his great stamina should overget the horror—to an uneatable death through just and natural indignation. On the other hand, while the May-fly lasted, a trout so cultured, so highly refined, so full of light and sweetness, would never demean himself to low bait, or any coarse son of a maggot.

Meanwhile Alec Bolt allowed poor Pike no peaceful thought, no calm absorption of high mind into the world of flies, no placid period of cobbler's wax, floss silk, turned hackles, and dubbing. For in making of flies John Pike had his special moments of inspiration, times of clearer insight into the everlasting verities, times of brighter conception, and more subtle execution, tails of more elastic grace, and heads of a neater and nattier expression. As a poet labors at one immortal line, compressing worlds of wisdom in the music of ten syllables, so toiled the patient Pike about the fabric of a fly comprising all the excellence that ever sprang from maggot. Yet Bolt rejoiced to jerk his elbow at the moment of sublimest art. And a swarm of flies was blighted thus.

Peaceful, therefore, and long-suffering and full of resignation as he was, John Pike came slowly to the sad perception that arts avail not without arms. The elbow, so often jerked, at last took a voluntary jerk from the shoulder, and Alec Bolt lay prostrate, with his right eye full of cobbler's wax. This put a desirable check upon his energies for a week or more, and by that time Pike had flown his fly.

When the honey-moon of spring and summer (which they are now too fashionable to celebrate in this country), the heyday of the whole year, marked by the budding of the wild rose, the start of the wheat ear from its sheath, the feathering of the lesser plantain, and flowering of the meadow-sweet, and, foremost for the angler's joy, the caracole of May-flies—when these things are to be seen and felt (which has not happened at all this year), the river should be mild and bright, skies blue and white with fleecy cloud, the west wind blowing softly, and the trout in charming appetite.

On such a day came Pike to the bank of Culm with a loudly beating heart. A fly there is, not ignominious or of cow-dab origin, neither gross and heavy-bodied, from cradlehood of slimy stones, nor yet of menacing aspect and suggesting deeds of poison, but elegant, bland, and of sunny nature, and obviously good to eat. Him or her—why quest we which?—the shepherd of the dale, contemptuous of gender, except in his own species, has called, and as long as they two co-exist will call, the "Yellow Sally." A fly that does not waste the day in giddy dances and the fervid waltz, but undergoes family incidents with decorum and discretion. He or she, as the case may be—for the natural history of the river-bank is a book to come hereafter, and of fifty men who make flies, not one knows the name of the fly he is making—in the early morning of June, or else in the second quarter of the afternoon, this Yellow Sally fares abroad, with a nice well-ordered flutter.

Despairing of the May-fly, as it still may be despaired of, Pike came down to the river with his masterpiece of portraiture. The artificial Yellow Sally is generally always—as they say in Cheshire—a mile or more too yellow. On the other hand, the "Yellow Dun" conveys no idea of any Sally. But Pike had made a very decent Sally, not perfect (for he was young as well as wise), but far above any counterfeit to be had in fishing-tackle shops. How he made it he told nobody. But if he lives now, as I hope he does, any reader of this story may ask him through the G. P. O., and hope to get an answer.

It fluttered beautifully on the breeze, and in such living form that a brother or sister Sally came up to see it, and went away sadder and wiser. Then Pike said, "Get away, you young wretch," to your humble servant who tells this tale; yet being better than his words, allowed that pious follower to lie down upon his digestive organs, and with deep attention watch. There must have been great things to see, but to see them so was difficult. And if I huddle up what happened, excitement also shares the blame.

Pike had fashioned well the time and manner of this overture. He knew that the giant Crockerite was satiate now with May-flies, or began to find their flavor failing, as happens to us with asparagus, marrow-fat peas, or strawberries, when we have had a month of them. And he thought that the first Yellow Sally of the season, inferior though it were, might have the special charm of novelty. With the skill of a Zulu he stole up through the branches over the lower pool till he came to a spot where a yard-wide opening gave just space for spring of rod. Then he saw his desirable friend at dinner, wagging his tail, as a hungry gentleman dining with the Lord Mayor agitates his coat. With one dexterous whirl, untaught by any of the many books upon the subject, John Pike laid his Yellow Sally (for he cast with one fly only) as lightly as gossamer upon the rapid, about a yard in front of the big trout's head. A moment's pause; and then, too quick for words, was the thing that happened.

A heavy plunge was followed by a fearful rush. Forgetful of current, the river was ridged as if with a plough driven under it; the strong line, though given out as fast as might be, twanged like a harp string as it cut the wave, and then Pike stood up, like a ship dismasted, with the butt of his rod snapped below the ferrule. He had one of those foolish things, just invented, a hollow butt of hickory, and the finial ring of his spare top looked out to ask what had happened to the rest of it. "Bad luck!" cried the fisherman; "but never mind, I shall have him next time, to a certainty."

When this great issue came to be considered, the cause of it was sadly obvious. The fish, being hooked, had made off with the rush of a shark for the bottom of the pool. A thicket of saplings below the alder-tree had stopped the judicious hooker from all possibility of following; and when he strove to turn him by elastic pliances, his rod broke at the breach of pliability. "I have learned a sad lesson," said John Pike, looking sadly.

How many fellows would have given up this matter, and glorified themselves for having hooked so grand a fish, while explaining that they must have caught him, if they could have done it! But Pike only told me not to say a word about it, and began to make ready for another tug of war. He made himself a splice-rod, short and handy, of well-seasoned ash, with a stout top of bamboo, tapered so discreetly, and so balanced in its spring, that verily it formed an arc, with any pressure on it, as perfect as a leafy poplar in a stormy summer. "Now break it if you can," he said, "by any amount of rushes. I'll hook you by your jacket collar; you cut away now, and I'll land you."

This was highly skillful, and he did it many times; and whenever I was landed well, I got a lollypop, so that I was careful not to break his tackle. Moreover, he made him a landing-net, with a kidney-bean stick, a ring of wire, and his own best night-cap of strong cotton net. Then he got the farmer's leave, and lopped obnoxious bushes; and now the chiefest question was, What bait, and when to offer it? In spite of his sad rebuff, the spirit of John Pike had been equable. The genuine angling mind is steadfast, large, and self-supported, and to the vapid ignominious chaff, tossed by swine upon the idle wind, it pays as much heed as a big trout does to a dance of midges. People put their fingers to their noses, and said, "Master Pike, have you caught him yet?" And Pike only answered, "Wait a bit." If yet this fortitude and perseverance is to be recovered as the English Brand (the one thing that has made us what we are, and may yet redeem us from niddering shame), a degenerate age should encourage the habit of fishing and never despairing. And the brightest sign yet for our future is the increasing demand for hooks and gut.

Pike fished in a manlier age, when nobody would dream of cowering from a savage because he was clever at skulking; and when, if a big fish broke the rod, a stronger rod was made for him, according to the usage of Great Britain. And though the young angler had been defeated, he did not sit down and have a good cry over it.

About the second week in June, when the May-fly had danced its day, and died—for the season was an early one—and Crocker's trout had recovered from the wound to his feelings and philanthropy, there came a night of gentle rain, of pleasant tinkling upon window-ledges, and a soothing patter among young leaves, and the Culm was yellow in the morning. "I mean to do it this afternoon," Pike whispered to me, as he came back, panting. "When the water clears, there will be a splendid time."

The lover of the rose knows well a gay voluptuous beetle, whose pleasure is to lie imbedded in a fount of beauty. Deep among the incurving petals of the blushing fragrance, he loses himself in his joys sometimes, till a breezy waft reveals him. And when the sunlight breaks upon his luscious dissipation, few would have the heart to oust him, such a gem from such a setting. All his back is emerald sparkles, all his front red Indian gold; and here and there he grows white spots to save the eye from aching. Pike put his finger in and fetched him out, and offered him a little change of joys by putting a Limerick hook through his thorax, and bringing it out between his elytra. *Cetonia aurata* liked it not, but pawed the air very naturally, and fluttered with his wings attractively.

"I meant to have tried with a fern-web," said the angler, "until I saw one of these beggars this morning. If he works like that upon the water, he will do. It was hopeless to try artificials again. What a lovely color the water is! Only three days now to the holidays. I have run it very close. You be ready, younker."

With these words he stepped upon a branch of the alder, for the tone of the water prevented fear, being soft and sublustrous, without any mud. Also Master Pike's own tone was such as becomes the fisherman—calm, deliberate, free from nerve, but full of eye and muscle. He stepped upon the alder bough to get as near as might be to the fish, for he could not cast this beetle like a fly; it must be dropped gently and allowed to play. "You may come and look," he said to me: "when the water is so, they have no eyes in their tails."

The rose-beetle trod upon the water prettily, under a lively vibration, and he looked quite as happy and considerably more active than when he had been cradled in the anthers of the rose. To the eye of a fish he was a strong individual, fighting courageously with the current, but sure to be beaten through lack of fins; and mercy suggested, as well as appetite, that the proper solution was to gulp him.

"Hooked him in the gullet. He can't get off," cried John Pike, laboring to keep his nerves under. "Every inch of tackle is as strong as a bell-pull. Now if I don't land him, I will never fish again."

Providence, which had constructed Pike, foremost of all things, for lofty angling—disdainful of worm and even minnow—Providence, I say, at this adjuration, pronounced that Pike must catch that trout. Not many anglers are heaven-born; and for one to drop off the hook, half way through his teens, would be infinitely worse than to slay the champion trout. Pike felt the force of this, and rushing through the rushes, he shouted: "I am sure to have him, Dick. Be ready with my night-cap."

Rod in a hum, like a springle rises; line on the bow, like the string of Paganini; winch on the gallop, like a harpoon wheel; Pike, the head-centre of everything, dashing through thick and thin, and once taken overhead—for he jumped into the pool, where he must have lost him else, but the fish pulled him out unwisely, and made off in passion for another pool, when, if he had only retired to his hover, the angler might have shared the baker's fate—all these things (I tell you, for they all come up again, as if the day was yesterday) so scared me of my never very steadfast wits, that I could only holloa. But one thing I did—I kept the night-cap ready.

"He is pretty nearly spent, I do believe," said Pike; and his voice was like balm of Gilead, as we came to Farmer Anning's meadow, a quarter of a mile below Crocker's Hole. "Take it coolly, my dear boy, and we shall be safe to have him."

Never have I felt, through forty years, such tremendous responsibility. I had not the faintest notion how to use a landing-net; but a mighty general directed me. "Don't let him see it; don't let him see it. Don't clap it over him; go under him, you stupid. If he makes another rush, he will get off, after all. Bring it up his tail. Well done! You have him."

The mighty trout lay in the night-cap of Pike, which was half a fathom long, with a tassel at the end, for his mother had made it in the winter evenings. "Come and hold the rod, if you can't lift him," my master shouted, and so I did. Then, with both arms straining, and his mouth wide open, John Pike made a mighty sweep, and we both fell upon the grass and rolled, with the giant of the deep plashing heavily between us, and no power left to us except to cry, "Hurrah!"

THE VAGARIES OF FASHION.

There is one thing which we have never been able to understand, and which we believe few can possibly comprehend or explain. It is the vagary of female fashion. Who it is that invents it, and has the knack to maintain it as long as he pleases, and then with equal audacity and success starts something fresh, is all a mystery. The phenomenon is by no means new. A hundred and sixty years ago the old essayists were at a loss to know how the extravagant oddities of female attire originated, and were so cleverly kept up in spite of torrents of ridicule. Then, as now, a new fashion had its run of a few years, and dropping out of use as mysteriously as it commenced, was followed by something equally preposterous.

In these vagaries of fashion there seems for the time being to be a kind of mental derangement—perhaps more correctly the prostration of intellect, through a deficiency of moral courage. Forty years ago the lady part of mankind fell into a mania for wearing dresses with huge shoulders blown up like balloons. It amounted to a purposeless distortion of the person. So everybody said it was. But the avowal made no difference. Sleeves must be made six times larger than they need be. Shoulders must be distorted, rendered positively ugly. It was the fashion, and that was enough. In due time, when the mania had run its course, the ballooning was given up, and shoulders shrunk to their natural figure. When it was all over, no one ventured to explain how the frenzy had originated, or what was its meaning. On the contrary, as if ashamed of the weakness, the subject was skillfully dropped. Next in the order of this species of feminine dementia came the crinoline vagary. A petticoat of horse-hair and whalebone was employed to distend the outer dress far beyond the person. It was a resumption of hoops, with the difference that while hoops expanded sidewise, the crinoline spread out all round. Every woman had the shape of a hand-bell, wide at the lower edge and small above. Gracefulness was out of the question. If the object was to produce a monstrosity, it was eminently successful. The crinoline mania had a fair run of several years, and given up, there occurred the fresh surprise how it ever had received the slightest encouragement.

Crinolines of every variety having been relinquished, feminine society is sorely in want of a new eccentricity. It would be against all rule not to appear ridiculous. So wits are at work in the grand arcana of fashion. The world had not long to wait. The fiat goes forth from somewhere that, as a superlative novelty, dresses are to be worn tight to the person from top to toe. Instead of paddings and balloonings, there is to be squeezing so tightly as to be hardly able to breathe. To impede walking, and if possible to prevent sitting, the legs are to be held back with strings. By way of compensation for the tightening up, the dress is to be so long as to trail three or four feet on the ground. Such may be called the present fashionable régime, maintained, as usual, with the force of inexorable law. Woe be to the fine lady who does not make herself as lank as a skinned rabbit, and who fails in the tuckings and tyings to restrain locomotion! What her natural shape may be is nothing to the point. She may not be able to go up or down stairs, except by one foot at a time, like a child learning to walk, but that is of no consequence. Fashion demands that she shall appear maimed in the lower limbs. The law is to be obeyed, and there's an end of it.

Slim in figure, squeezed like a wasp, and with head-dresses as fantastic as can be devised, there is one more token of high fashion. It is a return to the antiquated practice of wearing high-heeled shoes, which happily falls in with the plan of bandaging back the legs, to prevent freedom in walking. The folly of distorting the foot, by throwing the pressure unduly on the toes, is so manifestly vicious, and has been so frequently the subject of remonstrance, that it calls only for a passing denunciation. Those who are guilty of the error will in this as in some other matters live to regret their weakness. The wonder is how the ridiculous extravagances in attire, which are here barely alluded to, should for a moment have met with any degree of support. In the article of dress, men and women appear to have pursued an entirely different course for the last fifty years. The tendency in male attire has been toward extreme simplicity—perhaps too extremely so—while, as regards the female mode of dressing, according to fashion, it has been a succession of wild eccentricities, always going from bad to worse.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

They had an amateur brass-band at a funeral a while ago, and when they had squelched out the "Sweet By-and-By" at the grave-side, the minister in his address said that "the deceased was in one respect most fortunate in being called thus early." That was all he said, but the mourners grinned, and the amateurs think that "blamed sarcasm is infernally out of place at a funeral, you know."

Worthy Magistrate. "What! a man can be cruel enough to maltreat his lawful wedded wife, and even hurl a plate at her head?"

Prisoner. "But, your honor, do you know my wife?"

Worthy Magistrate. "I have not the honor."

Prisoner. "Then just go slow."

Pious Old Lady. "Just think, Rose, only five missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals!"

Kind-hearted Niece. "Goodness! the poor cannibals will starve to death at that rate."

A strolling theatrical company was at the dinner table. A waiter approached one of the members, and said, "Soup?" "No, Sir," said the person addressed: "I am one of the musicians."

Why does Queen Victoria never drink lager?—Because it's the reverse of regal.

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.

In France every man is of noble blood; that is to say, he is descended from a pere.

When Chinamen play billiards they never use their own queues.

When a man goes a-fishing and don't catch any fish, can you call him a tryangler sort of a fellow?

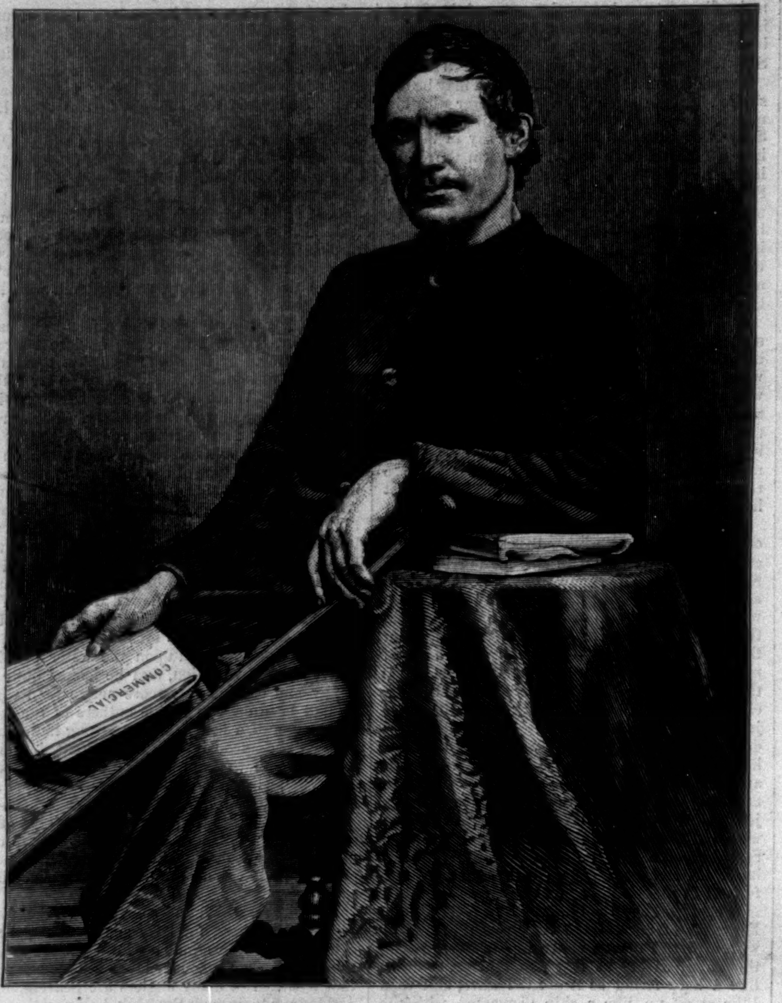
"I called twice, and found you out," said Mrs. Jones. "Very good," said Mrs. Smith; "I had to call but once to find you out."

A physician, having a duel on his hands, requests two of his friends to arrange with his adversary the hour of the meeting. "Make it to-morrow," he says, "but not in the forenoon, because I must visit four patients before going to the ground." "I see," murmurs one of the seconds; "he wants to get his hand in."

"I just came in to ask a scent
From you, dear Mrs. Rhyme."
"Why, certainly. You're welcome, friend—
Here is just half a dime."
"Good joke!—ha! ha!—you do not see
On what I am intent."
And plucking here a fragrant rose—
"This is the scent-i-ment."

A sea-captain trading to the African coast was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and every other thing they can lay their hands on."

A NEWSBOY'S GIFT.



JOHN KING, THE CINCINNATI NEWSBOY.—Photographed by Landy.

Scarcely has the learned blacksmith been removed to a better world than we have another scholastic wonder in the shape of a bibliographical newsboy. John King, who recalls to mind Elihu Burritt in the singular nature of the two occupations to which he gave himself, had not, however, the advantage of the latter in a sound body wherewith to earn the money which supplied him with books. He is a solitary invalid, partially deformed, and a resident of Cincinnati, where the peddling of daily papers supplies him with a meagre living. The manner of his life recalls that of Professor Vaughan, that other scholar living in the same city, of whom our readers will remember a portrait was given in the *Weekly*, and who perished so miserably in a hospital after a long life devoted to study.

Attention was first called to John King some few weeks ago by a gift made by him to the Public Library of his own city. By dint of great exertions, hoarding up small sums, and watching book-stalls for literary bargains of all kinds, the poor newsboy had accumulated a library containing about 2500 volumes. These books were to be the consolation of his old age. In spite of constant application during leisure hours, they accumulated on his hands faster than he could read them, for he was never able to resist the opportunity of purchasing a new "bargain" if the name of the author justified it. He packed them all together in boxes, which he kept in the old rookery where he lived, and here spent his evenings, happy in the consciousness that his treasures were near him, and hoping finally to arrive at the time when he would be able to do nothing but read. Suddenly the thought was suggested to him by the burning of a large building in Cincinnati that his books might fall a prey to fire, and his resolution was at once taken to place them in the safe-keeping of the Public Library.

King's magnificent gift was no sooner an accomplished fact than he became famous. Even in New York a desire was felt to know something of the history of the literary newsboy, and a request sent to the Cincinnati *Commercial* by a prominent citizen that something might be learned in regard to him. That journal fulfilled the proposed task with promptitude, and it is from the interesting article which appeared in its columns that we are able to tell the story of John King's life.

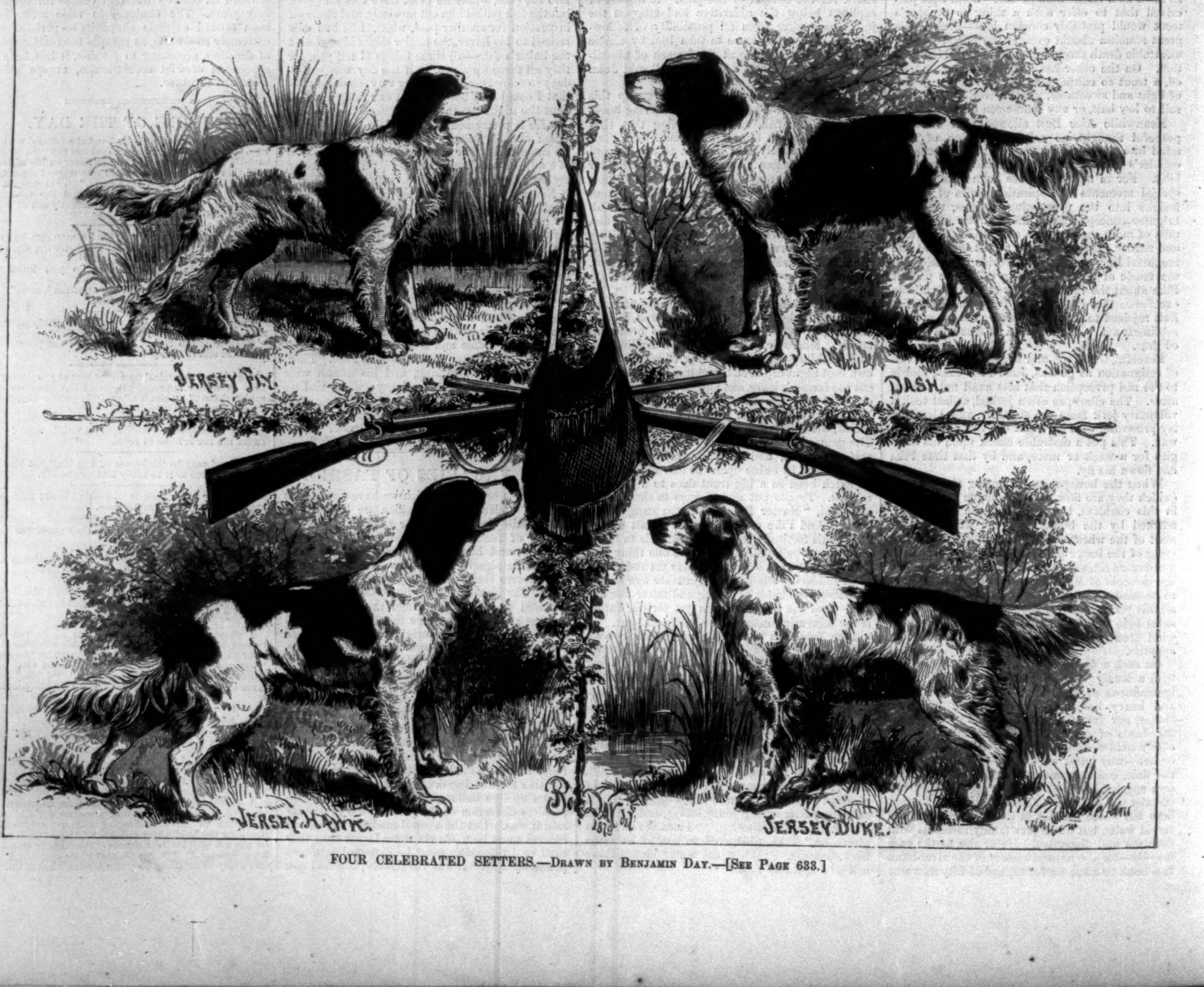
The poor newsboy was originally a farmer lad, and but for an accident, bringing with it most lamentable results, might now be a tiller of the soil in Cass County, Michigan, where his father's family still reside. At the age of seventeen a kick on the left thigh crippled him for life. For three years he hobbled around on crutches, when he was attacked by rheumatism, and his limbs so drawn up that he could get around only by crawling on his hands and knees. One day, while crawling about the room, he struck his right knee against a sharp object, which, with the help of a blundering surgical operation, stiffened the limb for life. Both legs were now useless, and for five years the poor boy was bedridden. It was during this time that his passion for reading was developed, but, unfortunately, there were but few books in the neighborhood. What there were he greedily devoured, and mentally resolved that if it should ever be in his power he would have a big library of choice books, all his own.

It was not until he was twenty-five years old that King could get off his bed; and then for three years he hobbled about the house, but could do no work. Finally he went to Detroit, and then in the summer of 1868 to Cincinnati, a total stranger, and a cripple for life in both legs. A situation was obtained in a tobacco factory, but hardly a fortnight had elapsed before he was taken down with the small-pox, which kept him in the pest-house for six months. He states that during this period his courage drooped, and he cared very little, if life was to be so hard, to longer live. After leaving the pest-house he went back to the factory to work, and began living in the little, roughly furnished room in the building at the corner of Third and Sycamore streets, which is still his home. The work he had in the tobacco factory was such as is commonly done by children, and three dollars a week was all that he could make by the greatest industry. It was with difficulty that life could be sustained in that time of high prices on so small a sum, and King's necessities soon drove him to look for other work, when he became a newsboy.

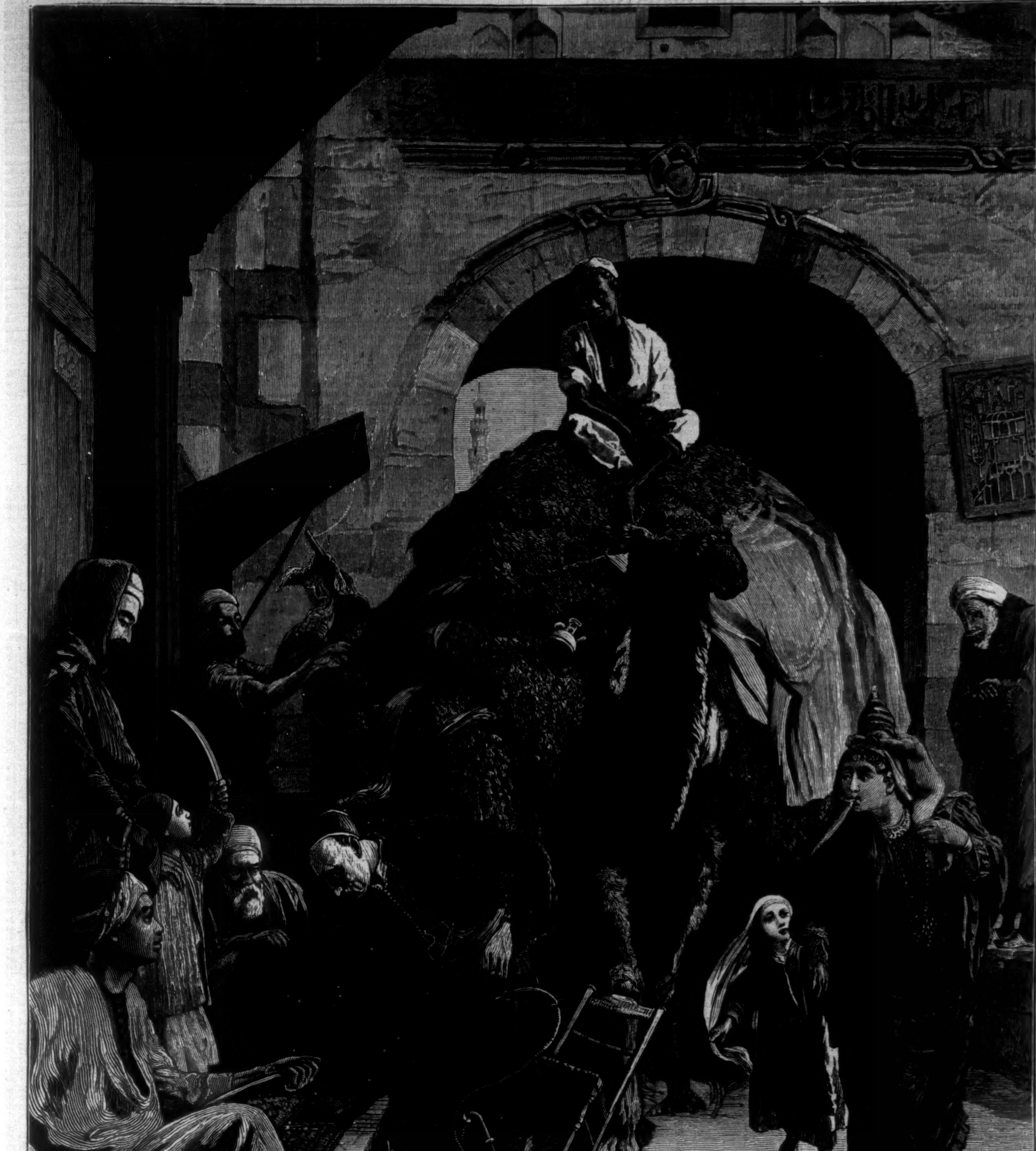
In this new vocation life became easier to the poor cripple. The work was lighter and more remunerative. For ten years he sold newspapers in the streets of Cincinnati, buying books, and laying up a little money besides. During this time his even, quiet life suffered but one interruption, which was of a most discouraging nature. A blind man, who was a broom-maker, prevailed upon him to go to Sabina, Clinton County, Ohio, and with his savings, which then amounted to $50, buy a broom machine, which he claimed they could operate together with a handsome profit to both. This was done; but in a short time the firm failed, $150 in debt. King then came back to Cincinnati, and in time sent back to Sabina the full amount of the claims there existing against himself and the blind man. His earnings were about one dollar a day, and up to the time of a commercial disaster in Cincinnati things went along quite smoothly. By this failure, however, $600 was lost, over and above what he is likely to get back.

When King presented his collection of books to the Cincinnati Library he reserved for his own reading about a hundred volumes, including works on science, philosophy, and religion, which shows the thoroughly cultivated nature of his mind. Those that have had the handling of the donation say that the collection has been made with care and judgment, and that it is much more valuable than an average private library of the same number of volumes. It includes history and philosophy, some of the best specimens from both ancient and modern literature, biography, books of travel, legal and medical works, scientific treatises, public documents, books of general reference, religious works, volumes of the best magazines, a variety of school-books, and an occasional volume of poetry or fiction. There are several very old volumes, one a Natural History bearing the imprint of "London, 1635." The books are all in good condition, and are of a character that renders the collection a valuable addition to the Public Library.

King is only thirty-nine years old, and, though crippled, comparatively strong and healthy. It


JERSEY FLY.
DASH.
JERSEY HAWK.
JERSEY DUKE.
Ben Day

FOUR CELEBRATED SETTERS.—Drawn by Benjamin Day.—[See Page 633.]



"A NARROW WAY IN CAIRO."—From a Painting by Walter C. Horsley.

is quite possible that he will yet collect another library that shall rival in numbers and value the one he has just disposed of. In the mean time he will probably go on living in his old home, a comfortless little back room with a single window, where he has lived for the last ten years, doing all his own cooking, washing, and mending. He is not by any means a hermit in his tastes, however, but has quick, warm sympathies with his comrades in the newspaper line, as is shown by the energy and perseverance he has displayed in his position of secretary of the Newsboys' Union. As a result of the establishment of this association, he states that the newsboys of Cincinnati are an entirely different class from what they were six or seven years ago. The boys of that time have disappeared, and those who have taken their places have been much better cared for and instructed, and show it daily in their conduct. In his own way John King has been a benefactor to the human race. Now that the world has found him out, it is to be hoped that there will be many to help him in the good work he has in hand, and that his old age, when it comes, will not be left comfortless, like that of so many humble workers who give themselves to the service of their kind, and receive neither help nor encouragement in return.

A NARROW WAY.

The late Khedive of Egypt, recently deposed, at the demand of France and England, expended vast sums in beautifying the city of Cairo. The new portions contain wide streets, spacious buildings, and elegant residences, and have very much the appearance of a European town. In many of the old districts, however, the Oriental character remains unchanged, and there one may not unfrequently meet with scenes like the one depicted in our engraving. The modern Cairo may be less picturesque than the old, but it is certainly more convenient.

FOUR CELEBRATED SETTERS.

The following description of the four dogs belonging to Messrs. J. and H. Von Lengerke is condensed in part from an interesting and authoritative article that appeared last winter in *Turf, Field, and Farm*.

The dogs are setters, four in number, and they are said by good judges to be among the best in this country. Dash is a large orange and white dog, standing, we should judge, twenty-six inches high; elegant shoulder and fore-body; good strong loins and hams, and with legs, both before and behind, enormously developed in muscle. Color and coat are both good. Crooked hind-legs, while the fore-legs sit well under the body, indicate the speed which it is said Dash possesses. His head, although good in shape, is to our fancy too small for the size of the dog. The ears are long, without depending on the hair for their length. Nasal depression exceedingly well marked, but eyes light in color, as is his muzzle. The amateurs of bench shows would never select Dash for an exhibition dog, but he would be one of the first to be picked out by a shooter for his purposes. He was awarded the Centennial medal and diploma at Philadelphia.

Jersey Duke is a sturdy-looking black and white setter, with the white most strongly ticked, or rather spotted. He is a long, low dog, sloping in a marked manner from shoulders to hips, and from hips to buttocks drops sharply off, like the pacing type of horse. But he is put together like a three-year-old bull. Broad-headed, heavy-shouldered, well and roundly ribbed to a pair of wide-apart hips set on the broadest of loins, he is a dog that we fancy could stand a week's work in six-inch-deep mud better than any we know of. Jersey Duke has won a large number of prizes, including that for best setter in the show at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the championship at the last New York bench show, which gives him the title of "Champion." He is by Jersey Dash, out of Jersey Belle, and has beaten more English so-called blue-bloods than any pure native dog living.

Jersey Hawk and Jersey Fly are litter brother and sister, and are by Tanner, out of Beauty. Both were sent to Europe early in May, and were exhibited at the International Dog Show at Hanover, Germany, a few days after their arrival, but not placed, for want of condition. Both will most likely be entered and run in some of the German field trials, to compete with the English and German dogs. Jersey Fly won a third prize at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, before she left. Some of her puppies by champion Jersey Duke are remarkably promising.

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

Hatcher's Station, Ga., *March* 27, 1876.

R. V. Pierce, M.D.:

Dear Sir,—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your Favorite Prescription. My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly,

—[*Com.*] Thomas J. Methvin.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts*. They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive. Meats, Soups, etc., may be greatly improved by Burnett's Extract of Celery.—[*Com.*]

The Sea-Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, N. J., will be ready for Guests on July 1st. It is intended only for Working Girls. For terms and particulars, address or apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 5 and 7 P.M. each day. Circulars sent on application. —[*Com.*]

When a person is weak and faint, or fatigued and exhausted, there is nothing so refreshing and reviving as a little of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. Rubbed on the hands and temples, and inhaled freely, it tones and braces the whole system.—[*Com.*]

Texas Land Owners, address Foster's Land Agency, Houston, Texas, for information on recent tax laws.—[*Com.*]

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LIFE INSURANCE

AS A MATTER OF FACT.

$87,127,614 52.

The Great Perpetual Family Fund.

ONE YEAR'S PAYMENTS
OF THE
Mutual Life Insurance Company
IN DETAIL.

$3,426,046

Cash Paid Out to Widows and Orphans in 1878.

In every family, not of such positive affluence as to be beyond the reach of disaster by failure of the sources of income, there must always be a sense of apprehension for the future. Death casts a menacing shadow across the brightest prospects, and the fear of an unprovided family developing wants for which no adequate resources can be afforded makes the sharpest goad with which the young man in business is menaced. It is this more than avarice, or the desire of inordinate gratifications, that impels the overstrained strife for money among our people. As a rule, the manifestations of greed do not continue among us through life in a sordid way. With business success comes the family, and as the household advances, the culture, taste, and liberal graces of mature life cover up the wear and tear of the struggle for property and a stable home.

A RANSOM FROM ANXIETY.

But the fact that by a simple and practical expedient the fear of death and of business failure may be superseded, and the provision of a moderate certainty secured at once, forms one of the peculiar developments of our time. By means of a life insurance, which may be maintained for a trifle from year to year, a man achieves an indemnity which secures, in case of his death, his family against want. The novelty and mystery of this expedient in the last generation has given way in the present to commonplace usage, and the life policy forms a prudential feature of the greater portion of completed households. From its infancy, in the present century, Life Insurance has become a giant, and with the fostering shelter of our republican institutions it has reached proportions rivalling the fiscal operations of the National Government. The outstanding obligations of the life-insurance companies has measured as high as the volume of our national debt.

LIFE INSURANCE AT A REDUCED COST.

As a topic of the day, interesting to almost every household, the final settlement of the five years' controversy about the reduction of the cost of insurance commands attention. At the close of this period of strife and opposition on all sides, the Mutual Life Insurance Company has finally and permanently reduced its premium fifteen per cent. from the established rates. After various expedients to cover up the adverse bearing of this reduction upon the other companies, the new rate has at last reached the solid level of regular and established routine.

THE AVERAGE OF HUMAN LIFE COMPUTED AS IMPROVED.

The magnitude of this fact will be better realized as indicating the necessary sure conclusion that the average of human existence under our institutions has improved in a degree sufficient to warrant the reduction. In some of the Registrar-General's reports this improvement is hinted at in England, and Professor De Morgan calls attention to the discrepancies between the old and the newer life-tables as explainable on this ground. He says: "The real improvement of life which has taken place from the introduction of vaccination, more temperate habits, better medical assistance, and greater cleanliness in towns," accounts in a degree for the differences in the tables. Is it not a significant and important testimony to the success of our great educational system, of our more expanded popular intelligence, of our institutions, whether political or social, that this still more advanced result in life insurance has become practicable? The bearing of this subject has many obvious applications, but we must restrict our notice of it here to some details regarding the business of this company.

THE MEASURE OF THE GREAT FAMILY FUND.

The great question, "Does it pay?" puts aside all others as to how the thing is done. Disputes about management must at last be solved by results. For those who only want insurance, it may be interesting to learn that the Mutual Life is a compact of individuals all assuring each other, the new-comer and the old being on one footing. There is no question of stock or proprietary interest of the stockholders of a corporation standing up to absorb or control the common interest. The measure of that interest has now attained a magnitude in millions, some twenty-five per cent. greater than all the capital of the banks of the metropolis, being in the aggregate eighty-seven millions of dollars. It is the largest financial corporation known to exist. Its policies outstanding securing life insurance, equal in amount the entire issue of the national bank currency afloat. But the practical measure of its scope will be best seen in the exact list of its payments for a year. During last year $3,426,046 was distributed, and the annexed table recites in what sums the company paid it out to the survivors of the insured, the policy-holders. Besides the names and residences classified in localities and States, the original amount of the policy is given, and also in a separate column the amount of earnings remaining at death. It may be useful to note that many of the duplicate policies were paid for from these earnings, or their current premium paid by applying the dividends for this purpose. Those policies showing extraordinary accumulations, even to the extent of two and threefold the amount of the original sum insured, attest alike the prudence and success of the management, and the obvious expediency and justice of the reduction of even a much larger percentage of premium rates. They still exceed what is called for to secure the amount insured. It may be claimed that this excess was returned with interest by the Mutual Life, but it is equally certain that it would have slipped into the pockets of stockholders in a proprietary or stock company. It should be borne in mind that some of the largest companies are conducted on a different plan from the Mutual Life, as they are managed, like all other corporations, for the benefit of a body of stockholders, who are distinct from the policy-holders. The demand for the old rates of premium had regard to the profits of these stockholders, which have heretofore been loaded on to the tables and averages computing the cost of insurance as made up by the actuaries.

THE SAFE WAY TO GO ABOUT INSURANCE.

All the disputes that have filled the newspapers about this subject can be condensed into two sentences, so far as persons who want insurance require to be intelligently guided. They should first seek the necessary information for themselves, and not wait to be hunted up and canvassed by an agent.

Next, as the largest, the soundest, the best accredited company in the world, has now permanently established the lowest rates and the safest terms, only the absolutely uninformed and those incompetent to judge can be imposed upon and misled.

The source of difficulty with those who insure is that they get more insurance than they can afford to carry. They give way to the persuasion of agents who push their investment for a strictly safe and prudential object beyond their means, into the very vortex of that speculation which it was the original design of the transaction to guard against. Out of this has arisen the lapse and forfeiture of policies so much complained of. The pretence of turning a life insurance into a savings-bank is also a fallacy of very dangerous tendencies. An inordinate insurance policy is no more desirable than a big mortgage for a family.

WHERE THE PITFALLS ARE—THE PATENT SAFETY INSURANCE GAMES.

The reckless efforts tending to degrade this beneficent facility into the channels of mere stock speculation should be severely met. All the schemes of what may be termed fancy life insurance have come to grief. Although the latest development of the higher mathematical sciences, the system, to be safe, is really simple and rigid in its requirements. It is as exact and inexorable as any of the other laws of nature. Any departures from its rules and experiences as to indiscriminate selection, non-forfeiture, incontestability, or looseness of handling in any shape which may impair the precision of estimates, are fatal to its very existence upon scientific principles. The various baits and plausibilities put forth in this way are of the same character as the luxury with which the feasts of the gaming-house are set forth to entice their victims to the faro-table. They lead merely to fraud, vexation, and disaster. They are resorted to for canvassing temporary policies of which the great mass are abandoned inside of three years, affording the chief field of the speculative or proprietary companies for their private profits. The pretended liberality of such concerns is the least desirable of all features of the system. Like oratory, in regard to which it was said by the greatest orator that the first requirement was action, and when asked what else, he said the rest also is action—so the first thing in life insurance is safety, and all the rest likewise is safety.

In choosing between a stock company and the Mutual, it is as if the ownership and cultivation of your farm and the possession of all its avails for yourself were compared with working it on shares with another person, who makes returns at his option. The stock companies must have their share of the profits, which they can only deduct from the money of the policy-holders.

SURRENDER VALUES AND INCONTESTABILITY.

The Legislature of the State of New York having last winter declared by statute the manner in which surrender values shall be adjusted for the future, the Mutual Life has applied the rule uniformly to the entire body of policy-holders, old as well as new, in the same spirit of liberality which the common equity of their association necessarily requires. The like essential principle which makes the interest of each individual the same as that of the aggregate members compels the prompt payment of death claims as the imperative duty of the officers of the company. Policy-holders' just claims are not litigated. There are no cross-interests of stock to suggest litigation, as in the stockholders' concerns, and it would obviously be against immutable principle for a man "to law" himself.

The established revival of business will make a new demand for moderate policies. The acquisition of this safeguard will prompt a sacrifice of "first-fruits" from profits, at the domestic altar. The true use of life insurance as the ark of the household covenant has been the great lesson in the wilderness of hard times.

Those insurance concerns attempting to build up a gambling feature of the system abuse its great usefulness and commit an offence against public polity. The Mutual Life declines uniformly this class of applications. All who seek legitimate insurance should beware of finding themselves associated with the sporting circles of such hazardous pool-selling.

SOME OF LAST YEAR'S DEATH-CLAIMS FOR EXAMPLE—"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

A better example of business will be observed in the annexed record. Take the second name on the New York City list, that of a lady. She died leaving a policy for

policy for	$10,000
And its accumulations were	10,190
Making a total of	$20,190

An example of what smaller sums can yield is seen in the Colorado list.

Five policies of $200 each yield earnings of $285 respectively, making	$1,425
And a policy of $500 yields	1,212

The policy of the late Chancellor Pruyn, of Albany, was for	$3,000
On which the earnings stood at	4,096
Making a total sum paid of	$7,096

William M. Clarke, of New York	$10,000
Earnings	10,753
Paid at death, total	$20,753

Geo. W. Blunt (the N. Y. Pilot Commissioner)	$5,000
Earnings	5,554
Paid at death, total	$10,554

John Warren, N. Y. City, policy for	$5,000
Earnings	8,363
Paid at death, total	$13,363

Also, a second policy for	$5,000
Earnings	8,691
Paid at death, total	$13,691

Making for the two policies of ten thousand dollars a profit of $17,074, or a payment in full at death of $27,074.

William M. Vermilye, late a trustee of the Mutual Life, had a policy of	$5,000
Earnings	7,088
Paid at death, total	$12,088

Samuel M. Isaacs, N. Y. City	$5,000
Earnings	6,171
Paid at death, total	$11,171

Isaac W. Arthur, New Orleans, La	$8,000
Earnings	7,583
Paid at death, total	$15,583

John T. Sprague, N. Y. City	$3,000
Earnings	3,540
Paid at death, total	$6,540

William F. Allen (late Justice of the N. Y. Court of Appeals)	$1,500
Earnings	2,145
Paid at death, total	$3,645

William Wing, Columbus, O	$1,000
Earnings	1,441
Paid at death, total	$2,441

Louis A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa	$5,000
Earnings	6,840
Paid at death, total	$11,840

Franklin Forbes, Clinton, Mass	$5,000
Earnings	5,097
Paid at death, total	$10,097

Edward E. Manton, Swampscott, Mass	$3,000
Earnings	3,128
Paid at death, total	$6,128

Edward L. Baker, New Bedford, Mass	$2,500
Earnings	2,228
Paid at death, total	$4,728

Ezra Palmer, M.D., Boston, Mass	$5,000
Earnings	4,705
Paid at death, total	$9,705

William C. O'Driscoll, Savannah, Ga	$6,000
Earnings	4,826
Paid at death, total	$10,826

John G. Lonsdale, Memphis, Tenn	$10,000
Earnings	8,878
Paid at death, total	$18,878

Robert M. Cunningham, Louisville, Ky	$2,500
Earnings	1,736
Paid at death, total	$4,236

Joseph McDaniel, Dover, Del	$4,000
Earnings	3,926
Paid at death, total	$7,926

Anthony Van Inwagen, Racine, Wis	$4,000
Earnings	4,248
Paid at death, total	$8,248

David M. Marvin, Westport, Conn	$6,000
Earnings	5,525
Paid at death, total	$11,525

The great body of policy-holders have used dividends to pay their premiums.

THE OLD AND NEW RATES COMPARED.

The new reduction in the rates of premium exhibit the following comparisons from the old and the new tables of the Mutual Life for insurance of $1,000, annual payments:

Age of	25,	old rates	$19 89,	new	$16 91
"	30,	"	22 70,	"	19 36
"	35,	"	26 38,	"	22 42
"	40,	"	31 30,	"	26 61
"	45,	"	37 97,	"	32 27
"	50,	"	47 18,	"	40 10
"	55,	"	59 91,	"	50 92
"	60,	"	77 63,	"	65 99

The other companies continue to charge the old rates. The Mutual Life's new rates are uniform to the old as well as the new policy-holders, and to the different classes of the insured, whether life or endowment.

FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
Mutual Life Insurance Company.

NEW YORK CITY.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
Edwin R. Tremain	$2,000	$190 00
"	3,000	46 00
Angelina J. Depau	10,000	10,190 00
Charles Luling	10,000	8,679 00
James Stivers	5,000	24 00
James J. Tracey	4,000	4,712 00
William W. Mali	5,000	1,046 00
John Ryon	2,000	329 00
William R. Stewart	20,000	1,858 00
Charles A. Lockwood	5,000	4,735 00
"	5,000	732 00
Herman von Keeler	5,000	1,601 00
Heinrich Meiyer	750	—
Lazarus Minster	3,000	387 00
Augustus W. Greenleaf	1,000	408 00
"	2,000	731 00
"	1,000	488 00
"	1,000	409 00
"	3,075	183 00
Andreas Willmann	5,000	71 00
Robert L. Briggs	5,000	794 00
Ebenezer Lewis	1,000	1,031 00
Elias N. Blum	10,000	1,992 00
Nicholas L. Bennett	5,000	4,070 00
Ernest Caylus	10,000	1,209 00
Jane E. Arnold	2,000	1,947 00
"	3,000	2,921 00
Herman F. Kroger	2,000	9 00
George W. Blunt	5,000	5,554 00
John W. Whitfield	2,000	1,200 00
Israel Fleishman	5,000	1,114 00
"	5,000	969 00
Louis Hammel	2,500	320 44
Samuel Zerkowski	1,000	8 00
Samuel M. Isaacs	5,000	6,171 00
William Orton	1,000	998 00
"	5,000	472 00
William Foster	10,000	2,026 00
"	6,900	886 00
Caleb A. Colquitt	5,000	6,633 00
Jacob A. de Peyster	5,000	1,664 00
William M. Vermilye	5,000	7,088 00
Charles A. Fox	800	342 00
Louis Speiss	5,000	12 00
Harry T. Moddrell	5,000	995 00
Meyer Kaiser	1,000	6 00
Charles H. Ludewig	3,000	6 00
Abraham Lowenbein	10,000	39 00
John Warren	5,000	8,363 00
"	5,000	8,691 00
John Bishop, M.D.	2,000	86 00
"	2,000	67 00
"	1,440	34 00
Josiah Heddon	10,000	332 00
"	5,000	10 00
Waldemar de Bodisco (Russian Minister)	5,000	594 00
Elsey Melius	3,750	—
Andrew Stewart	5,000	1,032 00
David Wolff	2,500	16 00
John T. Sprague	3,000	3,540 00
Charles B. Spicer	2,500	1,923 00
"	5,000	4,919 00
"	2,500	1,923 00
Elihu R. Houghton	2,000	953 00
"	5,000	1,374 00
Elkan S. Hacker	500	68 00
Isaac C. Kendall	2,000	3,559 00
Leopold B. Simon	1,000	980 00
"	1,000	301 00
William M. Tweed (full paid daughters' endowment)	10,000	2,268 00
Electa D. Thomas	1,000	446 00
Isidore Ullman	1,000	17 00
"	270	6 00
Charles W. Hubbard	2,500	1,732 00
Jaques Guedin	10,000	670 00
Fred. C. Schmidt	5,000	751 00
Eli Kelley	10,580	—
William F. Aldrich	1,000	703 00
"	1,000	11 00
William H. Voy	2,000	246 00
Thomas J. Tobias	10,000	109 00
Leopold Loewenstein	1,000	376 00
Solomon Strauss	10,000	1,273 00
William M. Clarke	10,000	10,753 00
"	5,000	2,693 00
Moses A. Wheelock	5,000	—
Simeon Dreyfous	2,000	2,152 00
John N. Genin	2,000	2,193 00

BROOKLYN.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

R. McClanachan	2,000	13 00
Nelson Place	2,000	471 00
John B. Norris	5,000	1,269 00
John S. Caldwell	4,250	35 00
Charles Cronkhite	2,000	409 00
Dolan Burrell	5,000	1,075 00

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
Patrick Farrell	1,000	761 00
Albert Michel	5,000	28 00
“	5,000	129 00
David H. Snell	5,000	2,873 00
Paul C. Kunz	5,000	268 00
Robert D. McChesney	5,000	2,595 00
Jesse B. Spelman	1,500	2,084 00
Sarah C. Butler	500	617 00
Augustus Hamburger	5,000	98 00
Alphonse Furth	2,000	1,237 00
Morgan Gray	3,000	452 00
“	4,000	1 00
“	3,000	420 00
Thomas O. Dove	3,000	26 00
John D. Camp	5,000	4,196 00
Howard Haviland	1,000	19 00

NEW YORK STATE.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
Zaccheus Hill, Clinton	3,000	1,970 00
“ “	2,000	305 00
“ “	3,000	40 00
Wolf Metzler, College Point	2,000	442 00
Charles R. Harns, Ellicottville	1,000	6 00
Franklin J. Lee, Andover	220	41 00
Geo. H. Hurd, Malone	3,000	71 00
John V. L. Pruyn, Albany	3,000	4,096 00
Robinson Phipps, Jr., Haddonfield	250	35 00
Clarence Ashley, Rochester	2,700	82 00
“ “	3,500	900 00
William J. Graham, Mount Vernon	1,500	114 00
Jerome Pierce, Buffalo	10,000	28 00
Lester V. Keyes, Auburn	1,000	811 00
“ “	1,000	42 00
Myron P. Timmerman, Manham	7,000	12 00
John McDonnell, Amsterdam	10,000	79 00
John B. Dewey, Gates	2,000	679 00
Ebenezer M. Fuller, Town of Lee	1,000	5 00
Charles W. Griswold, White Plains	1,000	1 00
William E. Wright, East Bethany	1,000	11 00
Jonas E. Haneman, Troy	5,000	21 00
“ “	5,000	31 00
William E. Steinburgh, Cohoes	1,000	8 00
Theodore J. Cogswell, Jamaica	1,000	40 00
Abraham Searls, Jr., Hart's Falls	2,000	56 00
Ambrose L. Thompson, E. Palmyra	3,000	18 00
John H. Boyd, Brockport	2,000	67 00
Samuel C. Kelsey, Le Roy	3,000	1,847 00
“ “	2,000	731 00
“ “	2,300	78 00
James J. McGowan, Troy	1,000	10 00
Charles Chadwick, Syracuse	5,000	8 00
“ “	5,000	101 00
Almon Skinner, Knowersville	1,000	1 00
Walter Phelps, Jr., Millerton	2,500	1,032 00
Clayton T. Platt, Clarksville	5,500	21 00
Edgar B. Smith, Albany	1,000	1 00
Hilon L. Weatherhead, Albany	4,445 53	——
George Murray, Waterloo	2,000	5 00
James White, Syracuse	1,000	18 00
Jairus B. Strong, Olean	1,000	267 00
Jesse Shepherd, Rochester	2,000	251 00
Henry D. Fuller, Cohoes	2,000	2,121 00
Hiram R. Wood, Springfield Centre	5,000	11 00
Jacob Schilling, Rome	1,000	8 00
Edward Heban, Buffalo	320	7 00
Washington I. Maine, De Ruyter	2,000	73 00
William F. Allen, Oswego	1,500	2,145 00
Franklin W. Tobey, Port Henry	2,000	10 00
“ “	10,000	37 00
Frederic J. Easton, Sing Sing	6,000	33 00
Margaret L. Rogers, Seneca Falls	1,000	1 00
Ranson Rowley, Cuba	2,000	33 00
Isaac Stell, Buffalo	1,000	11 00
Garret V. Peak, Meridian	2,000	774 00
Phineas H. Sawyer, Meridian	580	12 00
David N. Glazier, Albany	1,000	996 00
John Williams, West Farms	1,000	381 00
Chas. S. Bidwell, Buffalo	660	13 00
“ “	1,500	28 00
James Van Gorder, Pond Eddy	1,000	13 00
William R. Nichol, Rome	2,500	1 00
Adolphus Helfer, Flushing	770	60 00
Thomas C. Armitage, Seneca Falls	2,000	402 00
“ “	1,000	34 00
Gamaliel Humason, Buffalo	1,000	247 00
Newell Allen, Rochester	1,000	663 00
William G. Stephens, Yonkers	2,000	15 00
August Schmid, Middletown	2,000	39 00
Richard Upjohn, Garrison's	5,000	3,863 00
Edmund A. Benedict, Irvington	10,000	4,792 00
John E. Silcocks, Cohoes	5,000	23 00
James M. Morehouse, Goshen	3,000	4 00
Henry P. Belcher, Berkshire	1,000	2 00
John M. Stilwell, Yonkers	5,600	——
Pierre P. Irving, New Brighton	1,000	1,437 00
“ “	1,000	814 00
“ “	1,500	1,252 00
“ “	1,500	1,148 00
“ “	500	314 00
John W. Armstrong, Fredonia	2,000	331 00
Adam Cunningham, Cuddebackville	1,000	1 00
Ambrose Best, Newfane	400	21 00
Charles P. Achilles, Rochester	5,000	37 00
Daniel C. Pomeroy, Rome	2,000	172 00
Charles P. Wood, Auburn	5,000	1,389 00
“ “	5,000	40 00
“ “	5,000	150 00
“ “	5,000	37 00
George B. Wilson, Lockport	3,000	65 00
Edward G. Kunkely, Utica	5,000	40 00
Thomas E. Ruch, Buffalo	2,000	144 00
James Wylie, Newburg	3,000	20 00
Rufus Fitch, Jamestown	7,000	2,515 00
Geo. W. Denton, Roslyn	5,000	23 00
Leonard C. Winslow, Poughkeepsie	3,500	85 00
“ “	2,000	30 00
“ “	720	7 00
Isaac Riley, Buffalo	1,000	380 00
Geo. W. Weston, Saratoga	600	——
Thomas T. Higby, Fly Creek	1,000	8 00
Hiram Paulding, Huntington	2,500	2,097 00
“ “	1,000	230 00
Jacob Fuller, Madeira	265	18 00
Francis MacDonald, Clifton, S. I.	5,000	3,997 00
Charles B. Ten Eyck, Stone Bridge	3,000	13 00
Lewis L. Smith, Auburn	1,000	6 00
Lawson Barnes, Syracuse	2,000	10 00
“ “	800	4 00
Josiah W. Fairfield, Hudson	1,000	1,349 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
David C. Clark, Titusville	2,000	——
Martin P. Brennan, Carbondale	1,000	46 00
Carl Wartenberg, Allegheny City	2,000	9 00
Emanuel Oppenheim, Pottsville	1,000	7 00
William Bryant, Cheshire	1,000	2 00
James N. Tyrrel, Lamb's County	1,200	130 00
John P. Hassler, Carlisle	1,760	——
William Groves, Harrisburg	1,400	594 00
Jacob F. Frey, Lancaster	4,000	——
Owen Frederick, Catasauqua	1,600	22 00
“ “	2,000	8 00
Myer Strouse, Pottsville	940	6 00
Jacob C. Hauer, Lebanon	1,050	154 00
Luther C. Simcox, Lancaster	5,000	15 00
Albert T. McMurphey, West Vincent	2,000	1,155 00
William Hiester, Reading	1,000	8 00
“ “	1,000	14 00
Henry A. Riley, Montrose	1,000	658 00
Anthony D. Anderson, Pittsburgh	5,000	522 00
Louis McIntosh, Pittsburgh	1,000	525 00
George Fetter, Holmesburg	1,000	149 00
Samuel Hyatt, East Smithfield	1,500	14 00
Alexander N. McGonigle, Pittsburgh	5,000	55 00
Moses Wadhams, Wilkesbarre	2,000	183 00
“ “	3,000	264 00
Samuel Mears, Numidia	1,000	1 00
Platt Hitchcock, Lock Haven	1,000	14 00
“ “	1,000	21 00
Alfred P. Scull, Phœnixville	5,000	11 00
“ “	5,000	41 00
Daniel Clauser, Bingen	5,000	77 00
“ “	3,000	42 00
Joseph Cogan, Carbondale	255	26 00

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
John D. Jacobs, Chambersburg	2,999	——
Michael Reap, Pittston	3,000	771 00
John S. Davidson, Allegheny City	5,000	414 00
“ “	2,500	17 00
Jacob Bartolet, Oley	5,000	43 00
“ “	5,000	45 00
Charles Zamponi, Allegheny City	525	3 00
James D. Dougherty, Swatara Township	1,250	15 00
Joseph T. Baldwin, Easton	1,000	1 00
“ “	1,000	1 00
John Fraser, Allegheny City	5,000	22 00
William Peacock, Bloomsburg	1,000	269 00
Robert Gray, Erie	500	350 00
“ “	600	328 00
Augustus Wolle, Bethlehem	620	5 00
“ “	1,360	12 00
“ “	630	4 00
“ “	1,000	10 00
Franklin Shoemaker, Germantown	5,000	866 00
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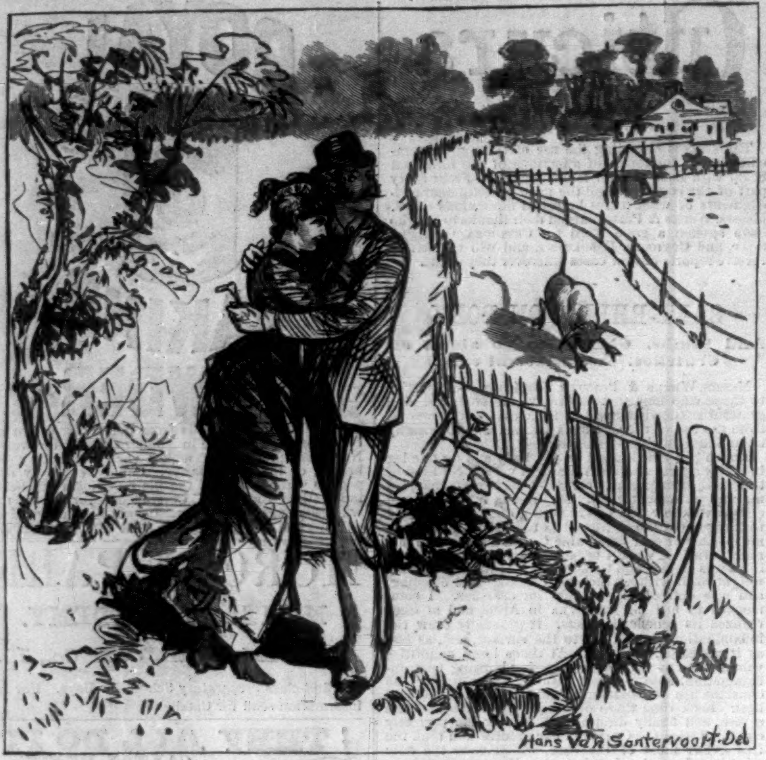

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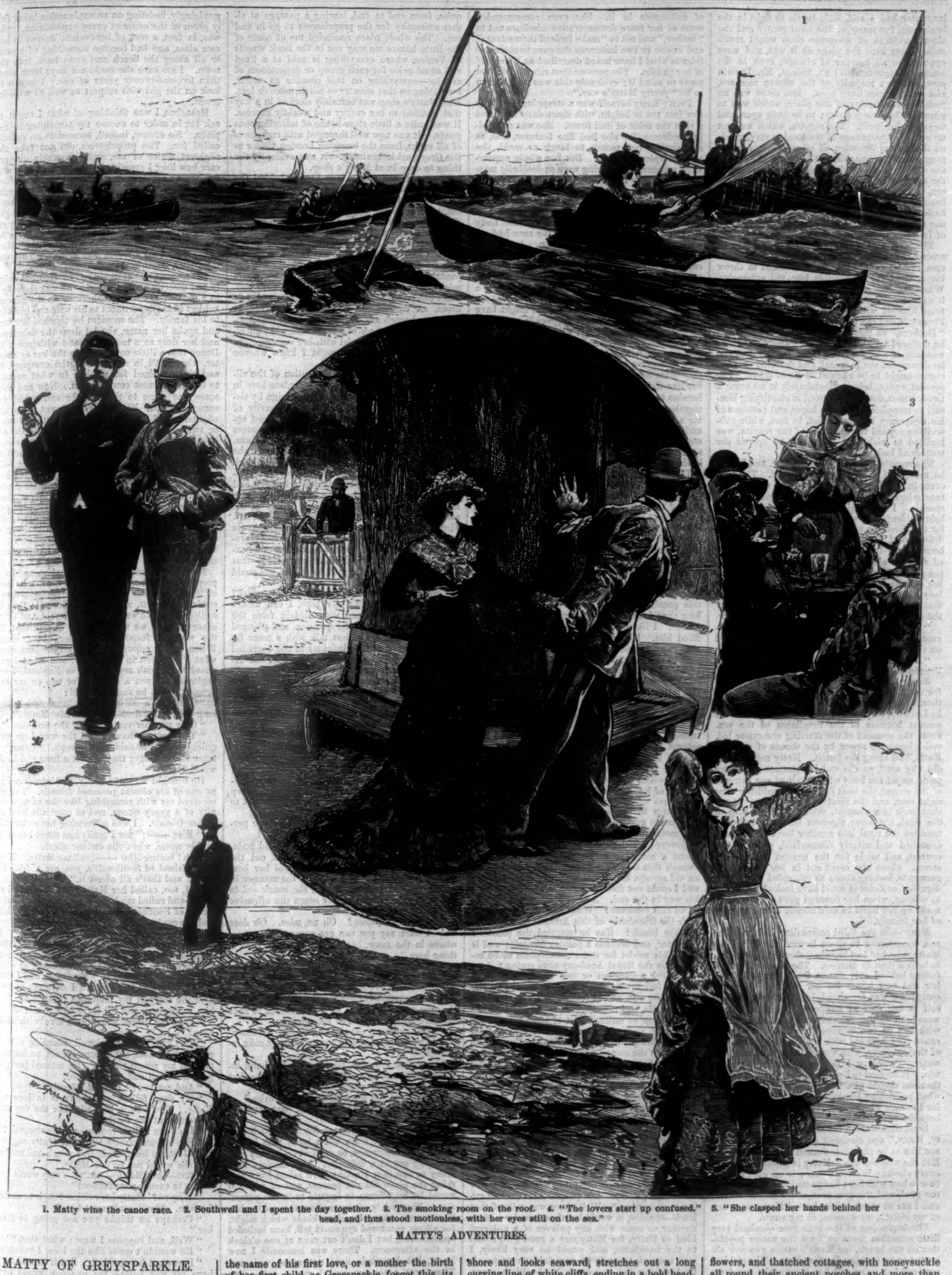

1. Matty wins the canoe race. 2. Southwell and I spent the day together. 3. The smoking room on the roof. 4. "The lovers start up confused." 5. "She clasped her hands behind her head, and thus stood motionless, with her eyes still on the sea."

MATTY'S ADVENTURES.

MATTY OF GREYSPARKLE.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

THE inhabitants of the village of Greysparkle, a charming little place on the southern coast, were thrown into much excitement in the middle of one August by the preparations for a regatta. This regatta might naturally have been an exciting affair in such a place under any circumstances, but in this instance it had a peculiar and, to Greysparkle, unique significance. Many regattas might follow through all the far-succeeding years, but none could have the importance of that regatta, or could efface its memory. As well might a man forget the name of his first love, or a mother the birth of her first child, as Greysparkle forget this, its first regatta. For this was Greysparkle's celebration of her coming of age—her formal announcement, *urbi et orbi*, that she had set up for herself. Up to that time she had merely been known as a little village or collection of houses not far from a fashionable bathing-place. But Greysparkle had been growing. It was really a beautiful place. It lay on the very edge of the sea, and a great amphitheatre of cliffs embraced and sheltered it on the landward side. No bitter wind vexed it even in the deep winter or the raw keen spring. To the left of the spectator, who stands on the shore and looks seaward, stretches out a long curving line of white cliffs, ending in a bold headland, blanched almost as much as if it were covered with snow. On his right the cliffs were colored of a deep red by some strange and charming fantasy of nature, like some of the Devon sea ramparts, and on their heights they were all grassy, and rich in trees and shrubs and hedges. The cliffs, or "bluffs" as they would call them in America, were easily scaled, and were mounted in many places by gentle and gradual paths. Any of these paths soon brought the explorer to a sweet and smiling country, with roads delightfully shadowed by trees, and gardens brilliant in flowers, and thatched cottages, with honeysuckle all round their ancient porches, and more than one old church and parsonage, and simple pathetic church-yard. The softness of the climate, the sheltered sea, left to the place none of that blighted and sterile aspect which is so common to the sea-side village, with its sand-strewn fields and stunted back-blown trees. Such a place could not remain long unknown; and there came an enterprising person from London, who built a great hotel in front of the sea, prevailed upon the railway company to give the village a station all to itself, advertised every day in the London papers, and had a *table-d'hôte* dinner every evening. This innovator had a stiff little battle to fight in the beginning, for many of the local gentry and the older residents of whatever class would much rather have kept the place as it was, and were opposed to all manner of change, even in the sense of improvement; as, indeed, Mr. Darwin says, the vast majority of the human race are, and at all times have been. But there was no resisting the destiny of the place, which was to grow and become popular; to be built upon, and to set up for itself. The regatta, which was got up under the patronage of the local gentry, marked the formal cessation of all opposition to the progress of Greysparkle. All classes, the gentry, the shop-keepers—a class increasing every day—the speculative builders, the lodging-house keepers, the people who let out pony-carriages, the fishermen, the boatmen, and the proprietors of bathing-machines, were thoroughly united, and the regatta was to be Greysparkle's Declaration of Independence.

The writer of this narrative happened to be among the visitors to the place at this momentous epoch of its existence. He felt bound to throw his soul as far as possible into the enterprise. When Dr. Johnson was on a visit to Plymouth, it will be remembered that he so completely identified himself with the controversy between old Plymouth and the makers of the new docks—the "Dockers," as they were scornfully called—that he declared he hated a docker; and when there was talk of a new water supply for the dockers, he denounced the proposal, and declared that the rogues ought to be allowed to die of thirst. The present writer, being unfortunately in no sense a Dr. Johnson, could not succeed in identifying himself so completely with the hopes and passions of his temporary residence, and, in fact, while subscribing toward the expenses of the regatta, was inclined to wish that he might be spared the trouble of looking at it.

The regatta came off in due course, and had to be seen, and need not be described. The one event in it which really interested me was a canoe race to be engaged in by "lady" residents of Greysparkle. I was curious to know who were the lady residents who would paddle their own canoes for the diversion of the spectators, and what the definition of "lady" might prove to be. Curiosity became only further aroused when it was reported that the wind being unusually strong and the sea strangely rough, the committee were for leaving out the ladies' race altogether, but that one lady insisted on its having its place, and declared that if no one else went out, she would go over the course in her own canoe, and claim the prize.

"That will be Matty, sure," I heard one boatman say to another, as I stood among a little crowd on the road above the strand.

"Like enough," his friend assented. "Matty's the girl to have her way."

Matty had her way in this instance evidently, for the race came off. Three canoes only ran, although six had been entered. The women who had entered three of the boats withdrew from the contest because of the roughness of the sea. From the moment of the starting one canoe led, and I knew the rower by the shouts of "Matty, Matty," all along the beach. Matty made splendid way until, as she and her nearest rival were going round the buoy which marked one extreme of the course, the boat of the rival suddenly went right over, and the rival was in the sea. Matty shot back in a moment, evidently to the help of the rival, but some vigorous hands had already tumbled the rival into another boat. The rival, drenched and utterly discomfited, gave up the contest, and made for the nearest part of the strand, where she crept out in her bedraggled garments, looking about as crumpled up and undignified as Zenobia could have looked, according to Gibbon, when her courage gave way, and she made up her mind to save herself at the expense of her friends.

Meanwhile the third competitor had had time and opportunity to shoot beyond the chivalrous Matty, who had lost her place through her anxiety to help a rival in distress. The cause of Matty's falling behind only awoke fresh sympathy with her and new hopes for her success. Her one competitor was far-ahead, but Matty settled herself in her seat as composedly as though they were both waiting for the word to start, and then with one or two movements of the paddle her canoe shot forward with a flight like that of one of the swallows, who were all day skimming the water. Somehow I felt sure that Matty must win. It seemed to be only in the fitness of things that she should win. In any case, she must have what politicians sometimes call a moral victory, for the race was all her own until she stopped to help the upset rival.

Loud cheers along the shore and cries of "Matty, Matty," and clapping of hands. One would not like to be the other woman if she should win. But she will not win. Matty is gaining on her at every stroke; is close to her; is up with her; is bow to bow with her; has passed her; has reached the goal, and the gun fires, and Matty has won; and I am as much rejoiced as if Matty were one of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts.

The beginning of the next race obtained very little attention from at least the native population on the beach, for Matty's canoe was now observed to be making for the shore. The girl had received her prize and her congratulations from the flag-ship of the committee, and was now turning homeward.

There was applause from all the hands—large and small; brown, red, and white; old and skinny, young and brawny; clean and dirty—as the canoe of the successful competitor touched the shore and the heroine herself leaped out. She strode manfully through the throng of admiring friends, some of whom grasped her hands, while others who could not find a hand of hers attainable, clapped her on the shoulders and slapped her on the back. The heroine took all this with a rough good humor which had, however, a dash of sullenness in it. She even recommended some of her more demonstrative admirers not to "bother," and not to "make fools of themselves;" and in one or two instances she gave to obtrusive friends what I have heard described as "a clout" of her paddle. The persons thus rebuffed did not seem to mind it; evidently this was well known to be "pretty Matty's way."

Pretty Matty herself was a strapping girl, fully five feet ten in height, with short dark hair, and a skin the color of dull brass. She was decidedly handsome, for she had fine features, and, as she opened her mouth to laugh or scold, she showed splendid teeth. But her whole appearance, manner, and bearing were so decidedly masculine, that one might have taken her at first for a young seaman. For her greater ease and comfort in rowing she had put on a jacket and trousers, such as any boatman-lad might wear. She was certainly a very odd specimen of the Lady Resident to whom the rules of the race had restricted the privilege of competition. As she was pushing her way across the beach through the crowd, a tall young man came pushing his way toward her. At half a glance one could see that he was a gentleman. A little more than half a glance enabled me to see that he was an old acquaintance of mine. Any surprise I might have felt at seeing him there was quickly swallowed up in the amazement I felt when I saw the manner in which he welcomed the heroine of the race, and was welcomed by her. She saluted him at first by tossing her paddle into the air; then as they came nearer they clasped hands with a fervor like that of embracing lovers; and finally the heroine took my friend's arm, and they walked off together. The crowd followed and cheered them for a while, and then gradually dropped behind and allowed the pair to go their way. It would seem as if my friend had a recognized right to act as the guide and guardian of the stalwart lass in the trousers.

Three years before I had been very intimate with Southwell Deane, the young man who had just walked off with Matty. During the greater part of the interval I had been in America, and had not had time to look him up since my return. He was the son of a man whose father had made a great deal of money in trade, and who had of late been endeavoring to confound himself with county families. Southwell was his father's only son, and followed no profession, having, indeed, no need of any. He liked to play at being a literary and artistic youth, and it was because of this peculiarity on his part that he and I for a long time found ourselves thrown a good deal together. I liked him much—any one must have liked him. His tastes were singularly refined, almost overrefined. There was something feminine in the fastidious delicacy of his ultra-æstheticism. He was, however, thoroughly manly. He was emphatically a man to go tiger-hunting with. His father did all he could to spoil him, but had not succeeded.

Now what on earth did Southwell Deane want of the companionship of Matty in her canvas trousers? Why, when I was in the States, I had several letters from him, telling me of his passionate, inextinguishable, amaranthine, sempiternal love for the sweet and pretty daughter of a painter whom we both knew; of his love for her, ay, and of her confessed love for him. I thought the lovers would have been married long before my return to England; for although Southwell gave me to understand that his father did not by any means welcome the match with a painter's undowered daughter, and had far grander notions about a marriage connection, yet I knew well enough that the elder Deane was far from being an old savage, like Mr. Osborne, in *Vanity Fair;* and I could not doubt that Southwell would have his way in the end. And now what was become of all this romance? What has Southwell to do with the friendship of this Amazon of the Greysparkle beach? Has he married the painter's daughter, and become a painter himself; and is Matty his model for some masterpiece to be rejected by the Royal Academy next spring?

I asked a question or two about Matty from various folk upon the beach, and I heard that she lived alone with an old father, who was rheumatic, very idle, and rather given to drink; that she kept a shop, or rather a sort of large booth, near the beach, and sold all manner of things, from Greysparkle pebbles and shells to coffee and cigars; that she owned a boat or two, and did some fishing; that she had a rough tongue and a little of a temper, but that everybody liked her. Then I ventured to ask if any one knew the young man who had given her his arm. Oh yes, they all knew him now. He was always with Matty. He was son of Mr. Deane, of London, who had bought an estate three miles from Greysparkle, and was very rich. Young Deane had been hanging on to Matty since April; he saw her for the first time last season. Was he in love with her? Well, folks did say so, to be sure; and she seemed very fond of him like; but she was a queer sort of girl, Matty. Did people think he was going to marry her? Well, there was talk of that kind—anyhow, it would be of no use for him or another to come with any palaver of a different kind to Matty, for Matty was a good girl, sound to the backbone, and would be very likely, I was assured, to reply to any dubious proposals by breaking the proposer's head with her oar. Truly an honest and spirited girl—but to be Mrs. Southwell Deane! Is this the fate my unfortunate friend is really preparing for himself? Has he thrown over that sweet, refined, charming girl, with whom he said he was in love, for this Penthesilea of the fishing boats?

I went next day, when the bustle of the regatta was all over, to see Matty's shop. It was a long, low, one-storied wooden building. The large windows of it were without glass, and were used in great measure as show-cases for some of the various articles which Matty sold. A long counter or bar ran down the one room almost, but not quite, from end to end, leaving a passage at either extremity for the proprietress to go in and out. The whole place reminded me of some of the little bazars we may see in the back streets of Venice, where everything is sold at a fixed and equal price for each group or department of articles—everything on this counter so much, everything on that counter so much, more or less. Miss Matty's shop was certainly stocked in a way that testified to her energy and worldly success. It was quite a little store-house of miscellaneous goods. It was now well thronged with customers of all ranks, from the lounging London visitor to the Greysparkle boatman. It was evidently the thing to drop in at Matty's shop.

There was the young lady herself behind the bar or counter. She did not always or long remain behind it, but kept bustling in and bustling out, talking all the time, now answering a question, now passing the time of day, now advising, now scolding. She was dressed, as the police reports would say, in the garments suitable to her sex, but looked in her petticoats rather more like a smart young sailor than she had looked in her pantaloons. A Cherubino of the fishing boats might have looked just like this, if he were suddenly compelled to disguise himself in a woman's dress. A curious eye might have observed, in the silver brooch and the silver bangles that Matty wore, the evidences of a taste somewhat different from that which a girl with her surroundings was likely to have. I thought I knew whence these ornaments had come.

Clearly her shop was an institution of the village, and she was a recognized potentate here in her own little domain. She did not reign by virtue of any fascination derived from suavity of manner or bland desire to please, but indeed appeared to take more trouble to repel customers than other hostesses usually do to attract them. Her ruling theory seemed to be that the stock she had provided contained everything, and in each case the very thing that any respectable and right-minded person could possibly desire to have, and that to ask for anything she did not happen to keep was to insult the shop, and expose at the same time one's own vulgarity and depravity. The distinctions drawn by her between legitimate and illegitimate demands were often so incomprehensible in themselves as to admit of no other explanation than that which I have suggested—that whatever she did not happen to sell no one could ask for without disgrace.

"Soda-water, Sir? Did you say soda-water? Oh no, Sir. No soda-water here, I can assure you." And she turned with disdain from the young man who asked the question, and plunged at once into the friendliest talk with a more familiar customer, as if to intimate to the degraded person with a liking for soda-water that she desired no further converse with him, and now merely wished to emphasize the distinction to be drawn between him and less guilty spirits.

"Any lemonade, then?" the unabashed stranger asked, addressing his question to the back of her head, as she would not look round.

"Lemonade? Of course we have lemonade." She did not deign to look more than half round at him, but the emphasis on the "of course" was of tremendous import. It seemed to say, "If you had become at all accustomed to decent society here, you must have known that we keep lemonade. What a creature you must be not to know it!"

"I should like a glass of lemonade," the persevering one went on to say.

"Lemonade, yes, of course. You said soda-water. Soda-water!" As she poured out the wretched creature's lemonade she did her best to give it an additional acidity by the manner in which, without looking at him, she continued to repeat in a low tone of utter scorn the offensive name of "soda-water."

"Sponge-cake, miss? Oh no, miss. Oh dear no! I dare say you can get sponge-cake somewhere in the town, but no one asks for such a thing here."

"Don't you ever have it?"

"Sponge-cake? Oh no, never. So that's you, Jemmy. Yes, I've got the money for you." And Matty ostentatiously engaged in conversation with the new arrival, Jemmy, as if determined to hear no more on the subject of sponge-cake.

"Don't you keep cake of any kind?" the astonished young lady who had coveted sponge-cake inquired.

Matty first frowned, then waved her hand toward the counter generally, as if to intimate that a sufficient answer might be found there.

"Yes, I see you have some Madeira cake."

"We always have Madeira cake," was the stern answer.

I hardly knew what to ask for under such conditions as these. I am not a lucky man in any moment of emergency, or good at seeing my way promptly out of a difficulty. The chances were many to one that I might have asked for something the place did not possess, and of which it would be an offense to impute to it the possession. The variety of properties was considerable. There were cakes of various kinds which might, for all my untutored eye could tell, have included sponge-cake, but I don't eat cake at one o'clock in the afternoon. There was lemonade I now knew, but lemonade does not agree with me. There was a tea-urn, and I saw a coffee-pot; there were fruits, and shells, and toy boats, and dolls dressed as fishermen and fishwives, and there were tickets for a forth-coming charitable bazar. From various conversations, even in the short time since I had entered the place, I could make out that our champion paddler acted as a kind of savings-bank for many of the less thrifty people of her own class. They either gave her their money to keep for them when they were in a provident fit, and alive to the fact that they were not likely otherwise to keep it long, or she scolded or wheedled them out of it, and stowed it away safely for them, and doled it out again grudgingly, insisting on an explanation being fully given of the cause of every expenditure. She was, in fact, a sort of benevolent despot in her own class, and had become something of a power all along the beach and away back into the town. I am sure she could not have been more than five-and-twenty years of age. I began to look on the girl with respect as well as with interest.

Meantime I was thinking of what I ought to ask for in order to excuse my remaining in the place. No excuse, indeed, seemed to be exactly called for. The proprietress did not take the slightest notice of me, and apparently did not care how long I remained. To try to induce any one to buy anything would have been, as I afterward observed, about as far beneath the dignity of this sturdy young woman, as to condescend to keep sponge-cake because a chance school-girl might haply ask for it. But I was suddenly relieved from all embarrassment on that score by the appearance of one who absorbed the attention alike of my heroine and myself. This was my friend, Southwell Deane.

His manner was extraordinary. He went quietly and directly up to the girl, who was then deep in a controversy with a fisherman on the general subject of his deportment to his wife and his duty to his family. The moment he touched her arm and spoke her name, she let drop the fisherman and her duty as a monitress, and withdrew with Deane into a little corner inside the bar or counter, where, full in sight of all the company, he and she remained for a while in what seemed to be very earnest conversation. Now and then some one came to the counter and asked for something, but Miss Matty did not take the slightest heed of the request. Southwell once or twice seemed to call her attention to the existence of neglected customers, but she only shook her shoulders impatiently, and allowed them to wait or go as they would. At last, after fully half-an-hour's talk, she seemed to come suddenly out of a dream and back to business again. Even then, however, her manner did not show any inordinate anxiety to propitiate slighted customers, for she only rapped the counter loudly with her knuckles, and called out in the tone of one entitled to protest against unnecessary persecution, "Now, then, was anybody wanting anything?"

Southwell was about to leave the shop, and I was preparing to put myself in his way, when he looked in my direction and saw me. He seemed very confused at first, and his face flushed; then he smiled in his old way, frank and sweet, and in another moment we were so deep in talk that, for the while, I forgot my wonder about Matty. When I had answered all his questions about what I had seen in the States, and what I proposed to do with myself now in England, I was beginning to put a question or two on my own account, when he suddenly said:

"Come, let's go out somewhere, and have a long talk. But first—do you know Matty?"

"Only saw her yesterday for the first time."

"You seem to have found the way here very quickly, then," he said, with a laugh. "Come, you must know Matty; there is not a finer girl in the world."

He brought me up to Matty, and introduced me as one of his closest personal friends. The girl received me with something like the savage dignity of a gypsy queen, and at once admitted me of her friends. I was addressing her awkwardly as "Miss ——;" for I really had never heard her family name, when she cut me short.

"Oh! bother Miss ——, call me Matty. If you are a friend of Southwell's, you are a friend of mine; and that's all about it."

So I, too, called her Matty; and she asked my name, and called me by it. In a moment, and by virtue of Southwell Deane's introduction, Matty and I were brothers.

Southwell and I spent the day together. He dined at my hotel. "You must go to see my father to-morrow," he said; "but I must have you for this day all to myself. I only go home at night, and when I can't help it. My father and I don't get on very well at present. I dare say you will hear the story of my iniquities pretty fully from him to-morrow, and I'll leave him to tell it."

"Does he think you are in love with Matty here?"

"You bet," said Southwell, adopting a Western Americanism, out of compliment, no doubt, to me and my recent travels. He seemed perfectly good-humored and self-satisfied.

"And are you?" I asked, bluntly.

"My dear fellow, everybody is in love with Matty. You'll be in love with her the day after to-morrow at the furthest."

"Isn't she a little rough—a trifle uncouth?"

"She is just exactly what our Matty ought to be. Just the least shade less rough and rasping, and she would not be our Matty."

"But—'our Matty'—don't the very words seem rather to excuse your father?"

"Why so? Matty isn't either rough or smooth for him. She doesn't want him."

"Perhaps he thinks you are going to marry her."

"Well, and suppose I were; what, then?"

"He wouldn't quite like the idea, I presume."

"I presume he wouldn't. But if he had let me have my way before, the question would never have arisen. I wonder, however, whether *Monsieur mon père* ever thought of asking himself if it were at all probable that Matty would marry me. It would not be an easy task for any man to induce Matty to give up her independence, and put her neck into any matrimonial collar. She wouldn't marry *him*—that I can tell him."

"Southwell, I don't think it right for you to be so much with that girl. What on earth ever put you into a humor for such companionship?"

"Companionship? She is one of the few companionable women I have ever met. She's as good a fellow as ever lived. Just you come up with me some evening after she has put up her shutters, and we'll have a smoke with her and her jolly old father together.”

“Does Matty smoke?”

“Of course she does; and not your feeble feminine cigarettes, but a good honest cigar, or a short pipe, for that matter. I tell you what, the man will have secured a real companion for life who can prevail upon Matty to marry him.”

“Stuff!—you are only talking in this way to astonish me. You can not have changed so much in so short a time. Tell me, Southwell”—I was determined to send a home-thrust through all his nonsense—“what has become of Miss Shields?”

The dusk of a beautiful summer evening was deepening softly round us as I put this question. We had not had lights, and I could but indistinctly see the expression on Southwell's face. There was a second or two of silence, during which I only heard the long heavy throb of the waves on the beach. It was a moment of keen suspense to me. Suppose she should be dead!

Southwell spoke at last in a half-defiant tone:

“Oh! Emily Shields is all right; at least I suppose so—I hope so.”

“Have you and she had a quarrel?”

“No. Emily Shields is not a girl for quarrelling.”

“Does she approve of your companionship with the young lady who smokes?”

“Emily Shields has not felt called upon to interfere with any of my movements just yet, at all events. But we needn't dispute about things, old man, you and I; need we? My father will cordially go in with you for any quantity of reprobation of me whenever you give him the opportunity. For the time being, will you come with me, and we'll smoke a friendly cigar with Matty?”

“And drink a glass of grog with her, perhaps?” I said, with stern sarcasm.

“Well, Matty doesn't drink any grog herself. But she isn't a Good Templar; and I dare say she will be very happy to mix a glass for you and me. Anyhow, we'll try. Come, then; we mustn't keep Matty waiting too long.”

It was rather an odd sort of smoking party we had that evening. The smoking-room was the flat roof of Matty's shop or shed, to which we mounted by means of a ladder and a trap-door. There we sat—Matty and her father, and Southwell and I. A little table and some camp-stools were already set out there; and Matty smoked a cigar with us, and complacently mixed our grog, although I am bound to say she did not drink any grog herself; and she put stern limitations on her father's drinking. It was a delicious night. The sea rolled in below our feet waves of a soft silver-gray, and the sky, too, was of silver-gray; in the deepening dusk there was hardly any distinguishable horizon line; and one who allowed his attention for a moment to be withdrawn from the realities of things might have been now and then in some doubt as to whether the boats he saw rowing past him were gliding through sea or through sky. It seemed a shame and a sin to be drinking and smoking and laughing on such a night, in sight of such a scene, and in such company. I wonder what the passers-by—they were happily not many—could have thought of us as they saw us perched upon that roof, with our outlines clear against the quiet sky, and heard our jokes and our laughter and our songs. For we sang—positively sang! The father of our hostess sang something about pirates “Sailing down on the coast of wild Barbar-ee;” and Matty sang a song which had a good deal of “Yo ho” in it; and Southwell sang; and I struck into the chorus of everything, giving the same air to each, and not knowing anything of the words. We had much chorussing; and, indeed, we made the welkin ring somewhat untunefully. The passers-by probably set the whole exhibition down as another of the mad but chartered freaks of our Matty—that is to say, the passers-by who were native to the place. Those who, like myself, were only residents of a few days, shuddered, doubtless, as at the orgy of some drunken rowdies. In the midst of our revelry we were aware of a little carriage which suddenly stopped in front of our house, as if its occupant was curious to make out what we were all doing. I grew rather ashamed of our performances, and hushed my part of the choir.

“Go on, go on!” Southwell said, in an imperative and even angry under-tone; “don't stop! Well done, Matty! Keep it up, Matty!”

He shouted her name in a wild way, and for the moment seemed as if he had lost all self-control. This puzzled me; for I knew very well that he had barely tasted once or twice the grog that had been set before him. I could not understand the meaning of such reckless bravado.

The little carriage presently rattled away.

“That was my father!” said Southwell, quietly, his tone and manner all changed for a moment.

“Was that really the old gentleman?” Matty asked, in a pitying voice. “Dear, dear—well, well! I'm thinking it's a bad thing, Southwell, to annoy him so much. We can't have luck, I'm afraid, if we plague the poor old gentleman so.”

“I am heartily ashamed, for my part, of having anything to do with it,” said I, utterly disgusted with the whole affair; “and, Southwell, I think you are wholly in the wrong, and ought to go straightway and beg your father's pardon.”

Southwell said nothing, and our revelry very soon came to an end. Never again, for my part, I resolved, should my voice be heard in chorus from the roof of Matty's shed. I went home much wondering whether Southwell's father and friends would not be justified in committing him to the charge of some private lunatic asylum.

Next day I paid a visit to Mr. Deane the elder. He received me very kindly, and at once plunged into talk about his son. He told me frankly that he blamed himself in great part for the absurd course into which Southwell had plunged, for it was owing to his interference that Southwell's engagement with Miss Shields had been broken off. He admitted that Miss Shields was in every way just such a girl as Southwell ought to marry, except for the fact that she had no money, and that her father was not a man of family. Her father, however, it seemed, was a man of spirit; for when he found that such an objection as that was raised to his daughter, he peremptorily refused to hear of any engagement being kept up between Southwell and her; and however Southwell might be willing to rebel against the authority of his father, Emily would not consent to act in open defiance to the wishes of hers. Therefore the engagement had been broken off, and from that time Southwell had been acting in the wildest way. Last season he had made the acquaintance of Matty; and now there was no keeping them asunder. He feared Southwell would marry her and take her away somewhere. Southwell was behaving like a madman about her—outraging all laws of decency.

“I saw them myself last night,” Mr. Deane said, bitterly, “drinking and singing and shouting with a gang of drunken sailors!”

Happily I was able to give a somewhat different version of the last night's transaction, bad as it was. And I did not hesitate to acknowledge my own share in it. Matty did not drink, Southwell hardly drank, and there were no sailors, drunk or sober. I told Mr. Deane all that I knew about Matty, and assured him that all I knew was to her credit, and did all I could to persuade him, although I was not always quite persuaded of it myself, that the whole acquaintanceship was only a passing freak of Southwell's, which would end in nothing. I could not help owning, however, that Southwell's sudden infatuation for Matty appeared utterly inexplicable, and certainly quite irreconcilable with anything I had ever known of him before. The question now was, whether anything could be done to bring Southwell back to decency and sanity. Could this be done by enabling him to renew his engagement with Miss Shields? Mr. Deane declared that if that were possible, it would give him such delight that he would go to Miss Shields and her father himself and beg of them to save his son. But he feared it was all too late. Southwell seemed to have forgotten the girl; and was it likely any girl of refinement and of spirit would marry him now?

It did not seem to me likely. But still there was a chance, and perhaps the only chance, in that way. The best thing we could do was for me to speak to Southwell on the subject frankly and firmly, and give him to understand that his father would now be glad to see the engagement renewed between him and Miss Shields. At least I could find out, perhaps, whether he had really ceased to love the girl, and transferred his affections to the strapping Matty. I promised to see Mr. Deane next day, and tell him all that I might have learned.

My way home lay close to one of the ancient church-yards I have already mentioned. Nowhere around Greysparkle was there a spot more lovely, and generally more lonely. I left the road for a few moments to enter the church-yard and lounge about there. But I was not exactly in the mood appropriate to the gentle and pathetic solitude of a country church-yard. I could not have kept my attention fixed for five minutes on Gray's “Elegy” if I were to win a Monthyon Prize by doing so. I recognized the fact, and turned toward the high-road again.

In front of the church-yard was a broad open space—open, that is, save for a great tree in the centre, with wooden seats round it. When I passed in through the gate of the church-yard there was no one in sight; but now, as I turned to leave the place, I could see that a man was sitting on one of the seats under the tree. In another moment I saw that it was Southwell, and that he was looking eagerly along the road that led from Greysparkle, as if he were expecting some one. The spot, indeed, was well contrived for such a lovers' meeting as we are told on great authority journeys end in. I made up my mind at once that there was to be a lovers' meeting here. I felt both anger and contempt for Southwell Deane, a man of education and refinement, who could forsake the memory of a girl well worthy of the best man's love, to pass his time with an honest and ignorant Amazon like Matty.

I did not want to see their meeting; I much preferred to know nothing about it; and I went back into the church-yard, far out of sight or hearing of any meeting that might take place under the tree. I lay down on the grass and looked up at the sky through the leaves and boughs, and appeased my soul by meditating on the follies of man and the poor thing that man is in general, until I fell asleep. When I woke and opened my eyes, I saw by the descent which the sun had made that I must have slept more than an hour, and I remembered an appointment in Greysparkle. I had barely time to get home, and I hastened to the gate of the church-yard. I hardly thought now about the lovers' meeting; or if I did think about it, I only wondered at the ease and quickness with which I had supplied myself with the conviction that a lovers' meeting was about to take place merely because I saw Southwell Deane sitting under a tree. But now I reach the gate; I am opening it; and behold, there, under the tree, is Southwell Deane, still sitting, and it *is* a lovers' meeting, for he is not alone. I can only see him partly; his back is turned to me; but I can see that there is a girl with him, that his arm is round her waist, and that her head is resting on his shoulder. What is to be done now? I must go on—I have my own business to attend to; the public highway is free to me, and is part of my property as a tax-paying citizen of this empire. I am not to be kept a prisoner in an old church-yard all day long because a young blockhead chooses to make an appointment with a village virago. If they see me, I can't help it. If they know that I have found them out, that is their affair. I took trouble enough to keep out of their way, and to avoid seeing them. I fell asleep in the grass, and probably soaked into my system damp enough for a chronic rheumatism, because of my anxiety to avoid them. If there were any other way out of this, I would take it to avoid them now; there is no other way—and so, forward!

The lovers are still folded in each other's arms. Of her I can only see the back of a dark head and part of a dark dress. I do not, however, stay to study the pair or their attitude of affection, but only pause for the moment to consider whether it would be possible for me to pass by them unseen and unheard, and so save them from needless embarrassment. I make up my mind that it would not be possible, and besides, why should I take any trouble to save them from embarrassment? They deserve no such consideration from me or from any one. There they sit in the open day, under the full light of heaven—at least under so much of it as the thick screen of that great old tree permits to visit them—doing their love-making unabashed. My friend Mr. George Boughton might make of the scene—the tree and the loving pair underneath it—a charming companion picture, or rather contrast-picture, to his “Wane of the Honey-moon.” Only Matty would look rather an uncouth sort of heroine for an idyllic love scene. Now, then, to disturb my pair of lovers.

I rattle and clatter the gate of the church-yard noisily and viciously. The lovers start up confused. I lose sight of her for a moment as she withdraws to the other side of the tree; but Southwell looks really scared, and somehow seems hardly restored to any ease on recognizing me as the disturber.

I advance quietly toward him.

“Southwell,” I say, with a certain dignity and impressiveness of manner, “I regret to have interrupted you. I was not, I need hardly say, acting as a spy on you.”

“Of course not, old man; who ever thought of such a thing?”

“But I am going to see your father to-morrow, and I shall be sorry to have to tell him that I have been an unwilling witness of so signal an evidence”—I was now growing really eloquent—“of your extraordinary and inexcusable infatuation.”

All at once the flow of my eloquence was checked. I became conscious of a wondering pair of eyes fixed on me which were not Southwell's, and which certainly were not Matty's. Southwell's companion had come out from behind the shelter of the tree, and stood blushing, embarrassed, and withal evidently a little amused, in front of me.

She was a very pretty and graceful girl, shorter than Matty by about a head, and not more like Matty in other respects than Julia Mannering was like Meg Merrilies. It was Emily Shields.

I stood for a moment in utter confusion. Then Southwell burst into a great shout of laughter.

“You did not expect to see *her* here?” he said. “You and Miss Shields have met before; and I want you both to be very good friends. Come, Emily; I suppose we had better take him into our secret. Don't you guess it already? Can't you catch the idea?”

I could not say that I exactly caught the idea.

“No? Did you never read the *Roaring Girl*, by Dekker, or some old fellow like that? It was there I got the idea, I assure you.”

Yes, I could see it all now. In that neglected masterpiece of English comedy, *The Roaring Girl*, the “madde girle,” Moll Cutpurse, helps two forlorn lovers out of their distress. The father of the youth will not allow him to marry the girl he loves, because, although a gentlewoman, she is poor; and with the aid and connivance of the Roaring Girl they get up just such a little plot, to frighten the father into giving his consent, as Southwell and Matty had been playing off in Greysparkle.

“Wasn't it sweet of her?” Miss Shields said, with tears coming into her eyes. “Any other woman would have been offended by the very thought of such a thing, and would have believed that she was lowering herself, or making herself ridiculous. But she didn't care, so long as she could do Southwell—I mean, do us—a service.”

In all my gratification at finding that Southwell was not the idiot or the sneak I was beginning to suppose him, and that he and his true-love were likely to be happy, I could not help feeling a pang of doubt on the score of poor Matty. Was it right to subject her even to a momentary suspicion? Oh! all ye true lovers, what egotists ye are, and how pitiless in your egotism! To be sure, Matty did not care and does not care what anybody in Greysparkle or elsewhere says about her; and what harm could the little comedy, which will do so much good to others, do to her? To Matty it would no doubt in any case seem a capital practical joke. Even if she were not spirited to it by genuine good nature, she would probably enjoy the mere fun of the thing. So I put my scruples away and congratulated my friends. I knew better than they did that I might safely congratulate them. I was able to put them in the best of spirits by assuring them that the elder Deane would only be too happy to go in person and beg Emily Shields to marry his son, if he thought that by doing so he could save Southwell and the family name from the fascinations of the Roaring Girl of Greysparkle.

The plot of which I was now a member turned out a complete success. I went to Mr. Deane and urged on him the wisdom of endeavoring to induce Southwell to return to his engagement with Emily Shields; and Mr. Deane appealed to Southwell's better feelings; and Southwell was moved, and consented. Then Mr. Deane himself went to Miss Shields's father, and in the most engaging style of what Burke calls a “proud humility” pressed Southwell's proposal, and succeeded. The marriage took place almost immediately, and the bride and bridegroom went to France. I know that they both paid Matty a visit before they left Greysparkle for London, where they were to be married. I know, too, that they would gladly have had Matty at the wedding, only that would have let out the whole plot. Even as it was, I can not help thinking that Mr. Deane must have had some suspicion in the end that he had been the subject of a pious fraud. But he was glad to be reconciled with his son anyhow; glad to be relieved from the terror that had seemed impending over him, and he was not disposed to ask any inconvenient questions of Fortune.

I did not go to town for the wedding. I had some work to do which was to be finished within a certain time now rapidly running out, and so I remained at Greysparkle and worked. I did not see Matty for many days. And now the time had come for me to leave Greysparkle and go back to London; and on the eve of my going I received a letter from Southwell, telling me about the delightful days he and his wife were passing in a charming cottage at Fontainebleau. He sent a friendly message for Matty; and I made up my mind to bear her the message, and say good-by to her on my own part at the same time.

It was evening, and the sun was going down. Matty was not in her shop; but her father told me she had gone down to the beach to look after her boat, and he pointed to the place where the boat was usually lying. I sauntered along the strand, now almost wholly deserted, for one class of residents were dining, and another class were supping. I soon saw Matty.

I found her on the very margin of the sea. She was sitting on the side of her own boat that lay hauled up on the strand just above the reach of the water. She was leaning upon her paddle, which she held between both her hands, and she was looking fixedly out across the sea. The girl's side face was turned to me. It looked singularly handsome, I thought; and the melancholy of its expression lent to it a sweetness and even a certain intellectual dignity which I had never seen in Matty's face before. Just as I came near she withdrew one hand from her paddle and rubbed her eyes. Then she heard my voice, and looked up with a resolute effort at a smile.

“Sun was in my eyes,” she said—“dazzles one—off the water, this way—don't it?”

I admitted the fact. Then I gave her Southwell's message, and told her that I was going away, and had come to say good-by. She expressed a kindly regret.

“Everybody's going away from Greysparkle, it seems to me,” Matty said. Then, after a pause, still looking out to sea—“That way over is France?”

“That way over is France, Matty, sure enough.”

“A long way off, though, I know—I couldn't get there in my canoe,” she added, with an attempt at a laugh. “And I don't see what I should want there, anyhow. I was only thinking that *they* are in France.”

I had known well enough what Matty was thinking of when she spoke of France.

“You were a true friend to them, Matty.”

“Poh! that's nothing. What harm did it do to me? I liked the lad Southwell—he and I were friends. I would have gone under that water to help him!”

“He knows that well, Matty; and you may be sure he will never forget you.”

“Well, I'm sure I don't know about that. Sometimes I think I'd rather he did forget me; for I'm only a poor ignorant girl, and I'm often ashamed of myself and my ways; and I don't like the notion of the lad's remembering what a dreadful creature it was that he used to know at Greysparkle. But what's the odds anyhow whether he remembers me or forgets me? I shall always remember him, and that's enough for me.”

Matty let her paddle fall from her, and stood up. She clasped her hands behind her head, and thus stood motionless with her eyes still on the sea. She did not speak or look round as I left her; she did not even seem conscious that I was leaving. I looked back once or twice, and saw her still in the same attitude. She was now absolutely alone upon that part of the beach. Whenever I think of Greysparkle, I always see that beach at the hour of sunset, and the figure of the lonely girl, with her hands clasped behind her head, gazing fixedly across the sea that divided her from the France to which the friends had gone whom she had helped to make happy.

I have always fancied that the Roaring Girl of the comedy was really all the while touched at the heart by the youth to whom she proved so faithful a friend. I wonder was that, too, the case with Matty of Greysparkle?

TAPESTRY AT WINDSOR.

It was Gower who drew the regal picture:

> “The Quene was set at Deys,
> Under her glorious stentit capital,
> Among proud tapettis.”

It was Chaucer who drew the other:

> “On the walles olde portraiture
> Of horsmen, haukes, and houndes,
> And hurte deere full of woundes—
> Some like bitten, some hurte with shot.”

It is on the search for such “hurte deere” “on the walles,” for such “proud tapettis,” as the same is being worked or manufactured, that a place is come upon that fits admirably, that must, in a few short touches, be described.

It is a neat ornamented villa, halved by the bright white steps that lead up to its porched door; it is a neat ornamented villa, with neat parlors on either side of it, with neat parlors (or other rooms) behind, with more neat parlors (or other rooms) up the easy stairs above. Standing there in its own garden, that stretches round it back and front, it is amidst sweet fresh air that is brave and life-giving and alight with sun; it has at its feet roods and roods of soft green lawn. Near by are borders of the brightest flowers—tall-spiked some of them, red and vio-